# OUR LEGACY

A C!DAPDUO ZINE

“Slime
wherever this zine may find you, in life or in possible death,
know that I will fulfill our legacy”

- Quackity From Las Nevadas

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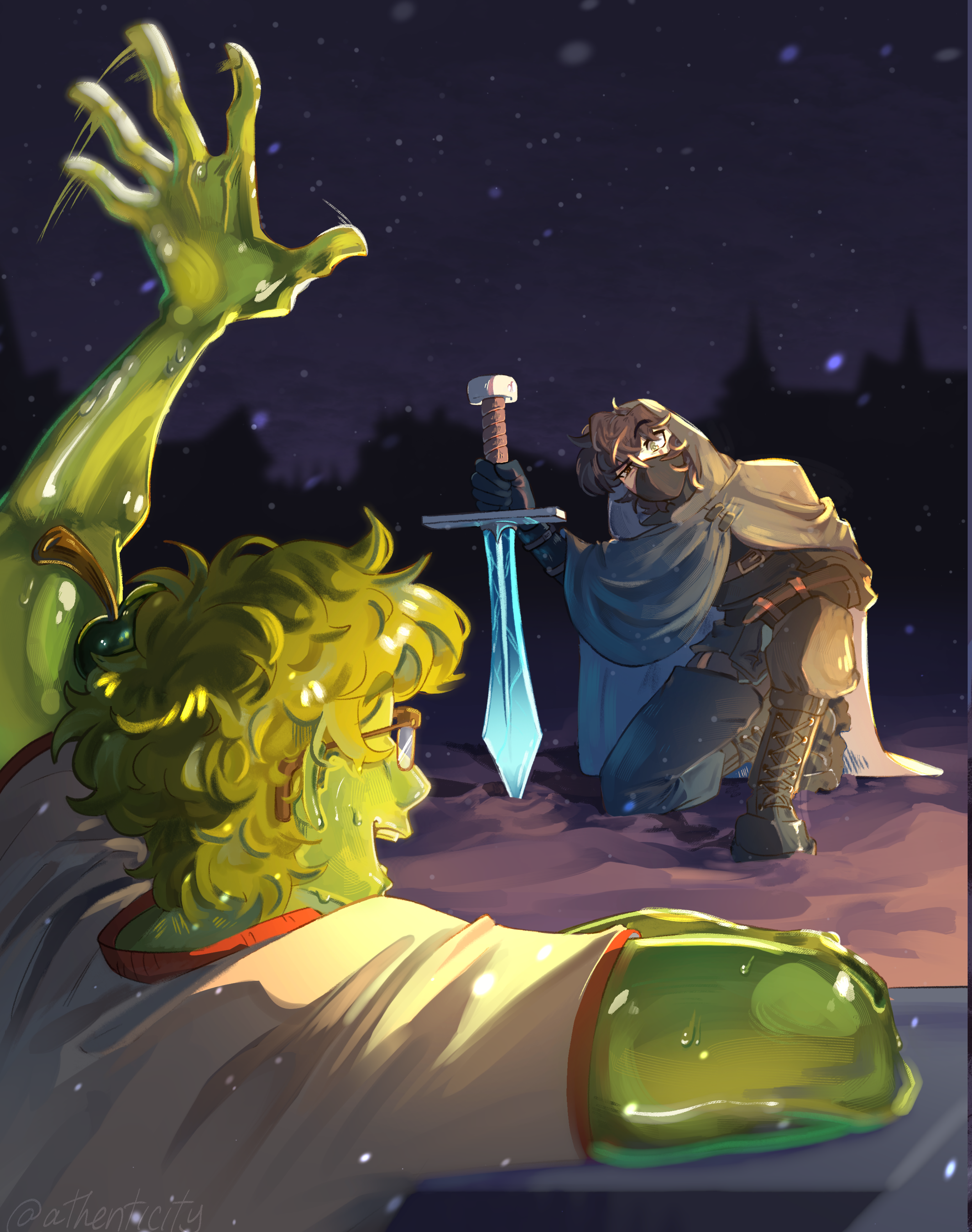
## CHAPTER 1:

# “DAP ME UP!”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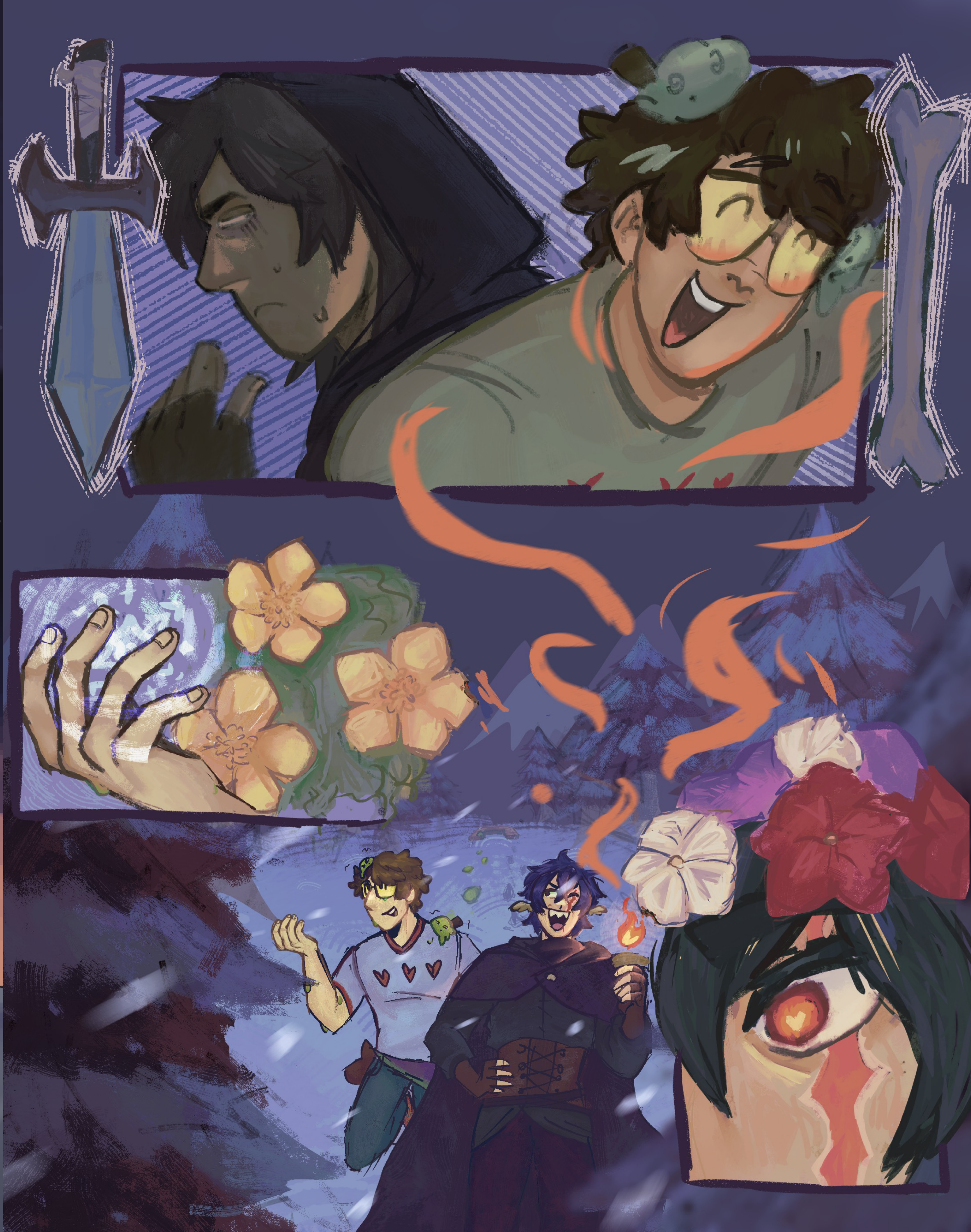
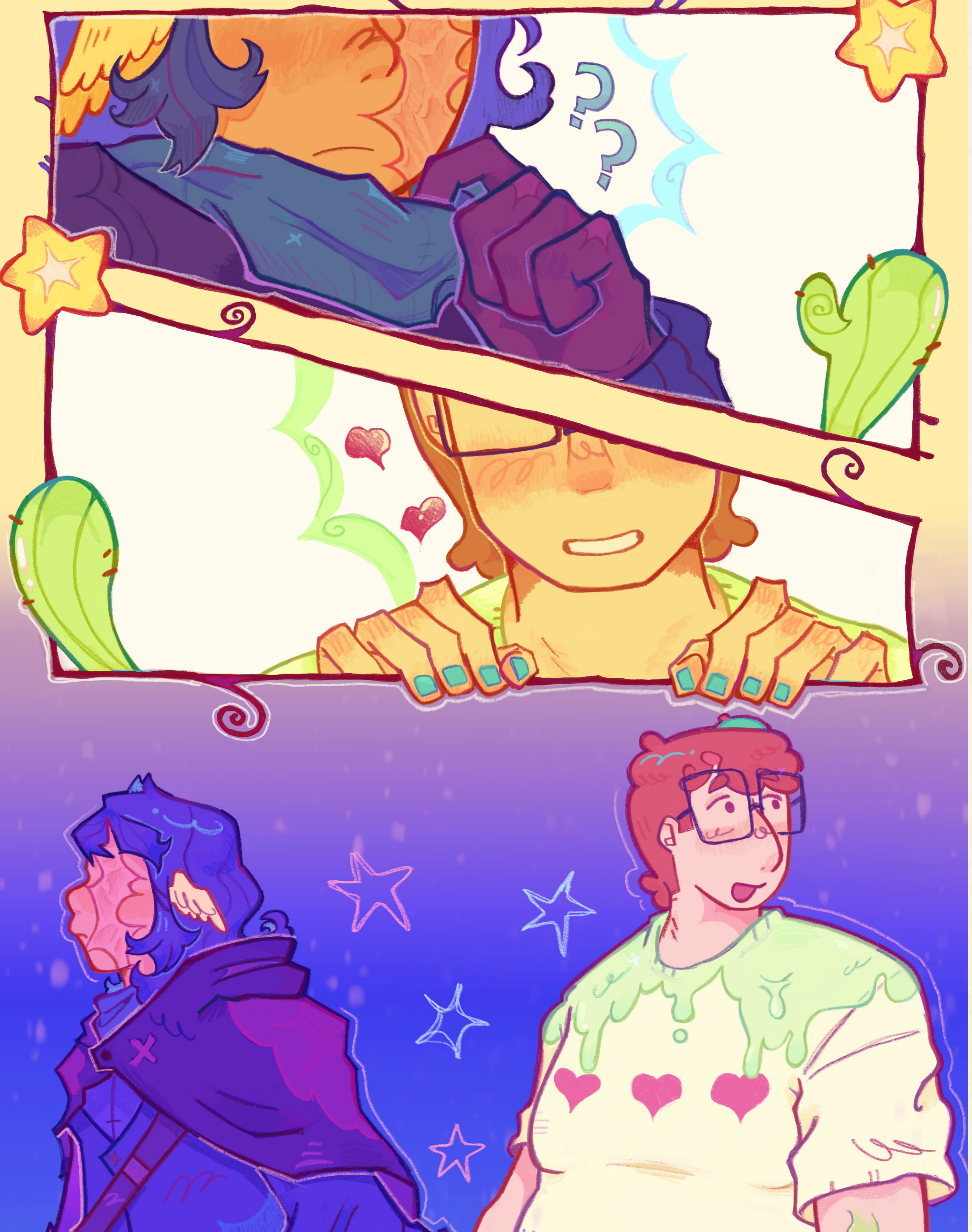




# Foolish Fire

*By: Charlie Sunchews*

Enthusiasm, Quackity finds, is much like the grains of sand that litter the Las Nevadas desert. He can scoop up handfuls in a rush, but can only stand to admire their glittery shimmering for so long before it begins to wear thin, draining from the inevitable gaps in his hold. The sand trickles down on a short timer, a waterfall of desert until all that remains in his palms are the irritating rocks climbing under his skin. The grains will bury themselves in the creases of his clothes, his skin— what a mistake it was to hold them so close— and remain a nuisance for however long it takes to finally clean out properly.

This creature is like the sand.

It was a perfect idea, he had thought, to have a secret spy reporting back on all the happenings around the server. Even if Quackity was not completely convinced that he could trust the guy, the gambler decided to take a risk and string him along. Risk is what Quackity has built his entire life on; High risk means even higher rewards, and if he gets burned, he'll do whatever he can to ensure the traitors don't come out unscathed either. Besides, maybe some of the information that topples from the mob's permanently loose lips could prove to be useful in time. But the slime's voice is starting to grit like that sand, and if his naivety is just a guise, then he is doing a phenomenal job at using it to get under the avian's skin.

"Quackity from Las Nevadas!" The mob gasps. Quackity would've jumped out of his skin at the volume had this not been the fifth time his name was shouted in the last ten minutes. The spy reaches down abruptly before Quackity can turn, digging his bare hands through the snow for long enough to send a shiver down the other man's spine, and jumps back to his feet with a drenched rock cupped between his hands. "Is this my friend, too?"

Quackity stares blankly at the rock for a few seconds, struggling to keep his head on his shoulders because of how absolutely ridiculous this entire situation is becoming. In place of an answer, he buries his head in his hands, groaning loudly before continuing forward in the vague direction of his city. He just needs to get back to Las Nevadas, there is no other plan, just get back and forget about all of this for the next few hours. He thinks better on his own, anyway. He can figure something out back at The Needle like he always does.

Quackity expects the mob to trail him, and the avian can feel eyes on the back of his neck for a moment, but he eventually notices the severe lack of footsteps crunching in the snow behind him. He pauses his own movement, begging one of the many gods above to please have mercy, just this once, and turns on his heel to stare back. The creature has not moved from where he'd been standing when he found the rock, and he doesn't even seem to have noticed Quackity walking away.

Quackity sighs loudly, "No, the rock is not your friend. Friends need to be sentient." The mob's head shoots up, suddenly surprised by how far Quackity had gotten.

"Sediment?" He echoes, face twisting as he fails to sound the odd word out on his tongue. Quackity thinks the expression would have been endearing if he were not already on the brink of madness, so he finds a viable middle ground for his strange, swirl of emotions by becoming obscenely irritated.

"It can't think— it can't feel anything." The mob's brows furrow, he turns the rock around in his hands. "Remember I said friends get along with each other? Rocks can't get along with you."

Quackity doesn't know what he expects the slime to do, but he is sure that it should involve at least a little pushback.

Instead, the mob hums lowly, flipping the rock once more before he tosses it over his shoulder where it crunches into the snow a few feet back. "Okay!" He chirps, hopping forward to meet Quackity's side once again. His eyes are still tracing the snow as he moves, likely on the lookout for more inanimate "friends" that Quackity will need to shoot down.

"Eyes up, you don't want to trip," The man snaps quickly, hoping simply to avoid the mob digging up any more junk rather than actually being worried about him face planting in the snow. It would be funny for the first few seconds, then it would just be another setback, and the gambler is not in the mood for anything else going wrong today.

He already missed his shot to send a message to that awful new hire at the restaurant, and if taking the literal intruder under his wing only leads to more problems, the man is sure that he will end up losing his mind before the words "Welcome to las Nevadas!" can find a home on his tongue.

"Aren't we on a trip right now?" The mob uselessly ponders, his chin still dropped to his chest as he scans the glittery surface for more strange shapes to examine. Quackity makes a show of sighing as dramatically as possible, his breath puffing out in a thick cloud, seeming to remind his body how piercing the cold is as a shiver tears through his veins soon after.

"Well, yeah— but that's not the same thing!" Is all Quackity grits out through clenched teeth, "Just watch where you're going."

Thankfully, the slime finally heeds his warning, no longer looking out for peculiar shapes in the snow, rather admiring the scenery around them with his usual, unfiltered fascination. Quackity chooses to count small victories. Now that the mob is no longer struggling to keep pace between exploring every inch of the soil, or determining which clumps of snow were more suitable than others for holding, Quackity suspects the duo will arrive at the city soon enough to avoid losing their toes to frostbite.

Can slimes even get frostbite?

It's a dumb question, but it still settles like tar in the back of Quackity's throat all the same. It reminds him how little he really knows about this creature, about how much it would be able to hide simply because the avian doesn't know to ask. What else should he know about it?

Quackity groans, shaking off the stray thoughts. He can see the forest that lies on the outskirts of Las Nevadas clearly now through the flurry, so he tries to distract himself from the walk with lazy daydreams. He imagines warm blankets, warmer drinks, a nice soft bed to tear away each and every / worry for the next year— he doesn't think he could ever leave his bed again after tonight.

"Quackity from Las Nevadas?" Whatever warmth had swelled in Quackity's chest dissipates instantly. The grit of his companion's voice lays in bitter pieces on his ribs, as if trying to sink through the cracks, but Quackity's vexation leaves the grains stranded and shivering against the swirling winds. The avian refuses to let them carry the gentle warmth that sneaks into the owner's tone, so instead, comfort drains from Quackity's heart as if the slime's words are parasitic in nature.

"That's not my name," Quackity grumbles. He doesn't know if he folds his arms over his chest to keep warm, or to defend himself from an unknown attack.

The mob continues, undeterred. "Where are we going?" And Quackity perks up at that.

Where are they going? "Las Nevadas?" He answers, though it sounds more like a question. He chances a peek over his shoulder to watch the mob's reaction carefully, "I thought you knew that." He almost winces as the slime's jaw drops to the floor, the stars in his eyes growing impossibly larger, and if the creature could physically 'light up' then Quackity is sure he would be blinding.

"Las Nevadas!" The creature exclaims, an over-excited grin exploding across his features. He seems to try steeling his expression as best he can in the next instant, reigning in the elation to question his escort further, "But you said you were giving me a home?" The slime's head tilts like a lost animal, his eyes wide, almost expectant, as he stares down at Quackity.

"Yeah, bud, you— we're friends now. You're a resident of Las Nevadas," Quackity explains, breaking into the treeline, and finally gaining some semblance of shelter from the raging snowstorm overhead.

The mob nearly trips over the bushes that separate field from forest as he hurries after Quackity, exhilaration slamming back into him. Quackity briefly entertains the thought of the creature's emotions laying on a swinging pendulum. Oscillating for all eternity between endless curiosity, and the suffocating, all-encompassing excitement that springs into action with every new piece of information the slime receives about the world around him.

It is… odd, to say the least, to meet someone so carefree. That enthusiasm reminds Quackity of himself, way before he knew how miserable the world really is, and the sudden connection to his own naivety sends an angry ripple of electricity through the avian's veins.

But still, the unrelenting captivation displayed at the mere mention of something Quackity loves, and cares for so deeply, is thrilling. He would be a fool not to enjoy the attention somewhat, and it's a nice change of pace from the clear suspicion everyone else regards his country with. Instead of anticipating the same pain and heartache that has rotted the server down to a corpse, the slime respects Las Nevadas for what it is right now.

Oh, and if that doesn't feel good.

Quackity nearly chokes on the feeling. His chest suddenly on fire, alight with passion and unabashed pride that threatens to swallow him whole. "What do you know about my country already?" The businessman tries slowly, his arms gently lowering to his sides as the snow wears thin beneath his heels. The slime smiles broadly at the question, and another spike of heat charges into Quackity's throat like a flame ravenous with pride.

"You live there!" The creature chirps, stars sparkling in his eyes. His smile then twists to something more quizzical— pendulum, Quackity thinks, thoroughly amused now— brows furrowing together as he seems to debate something in his head. "And I live there?"

"That's right!" The gambler grins, "How would you like to learn more about it before we get there? I can give a killer sales pitch." The slime nods enthusiastically, and Quackity's smile stretches wider than intended as vanity swells over his guarded exterior. The creature watches him like he hung the moon, anticipating every word that falls from Quackity's lips. It makes the flames even hungrier, the way the unworldly creature clings to Quackity's word like a precious jewel; The man doesn't spare another second before he indulges in it.

Enthusiasm is dangerous. Like the glowing embers of a heat, once so innocent, now burning brightly enough to bite down on and incinerate anything that dares to travel near. Quackity's words are electric, the burn in his throat excruciating as he recalls only the best of the country he made a home. The spy listens intently to what Quackity chooses to regale, his interest never dampening under the roaring sun pouring from the gambler's heart, only being drawn closer to the decaying shield intended to protect it.

The city lights peek through the gaps in the leaves, and Quackity is blinded as he steps onto the icy road. The avian's inferno starts to dip when the conversation comes to a lull, bathed in the Las Nevadas glow. This entire encounter has been a huge risk, but as his anxiety starts to creep back into the hollow of his gut, delicate sprinkles of something more filter through along with it. Something fleeting, it's something warm, he finds his ribs strangely dry of restraint, and he feels so inexplicably whole without the burden of grit against his bones.

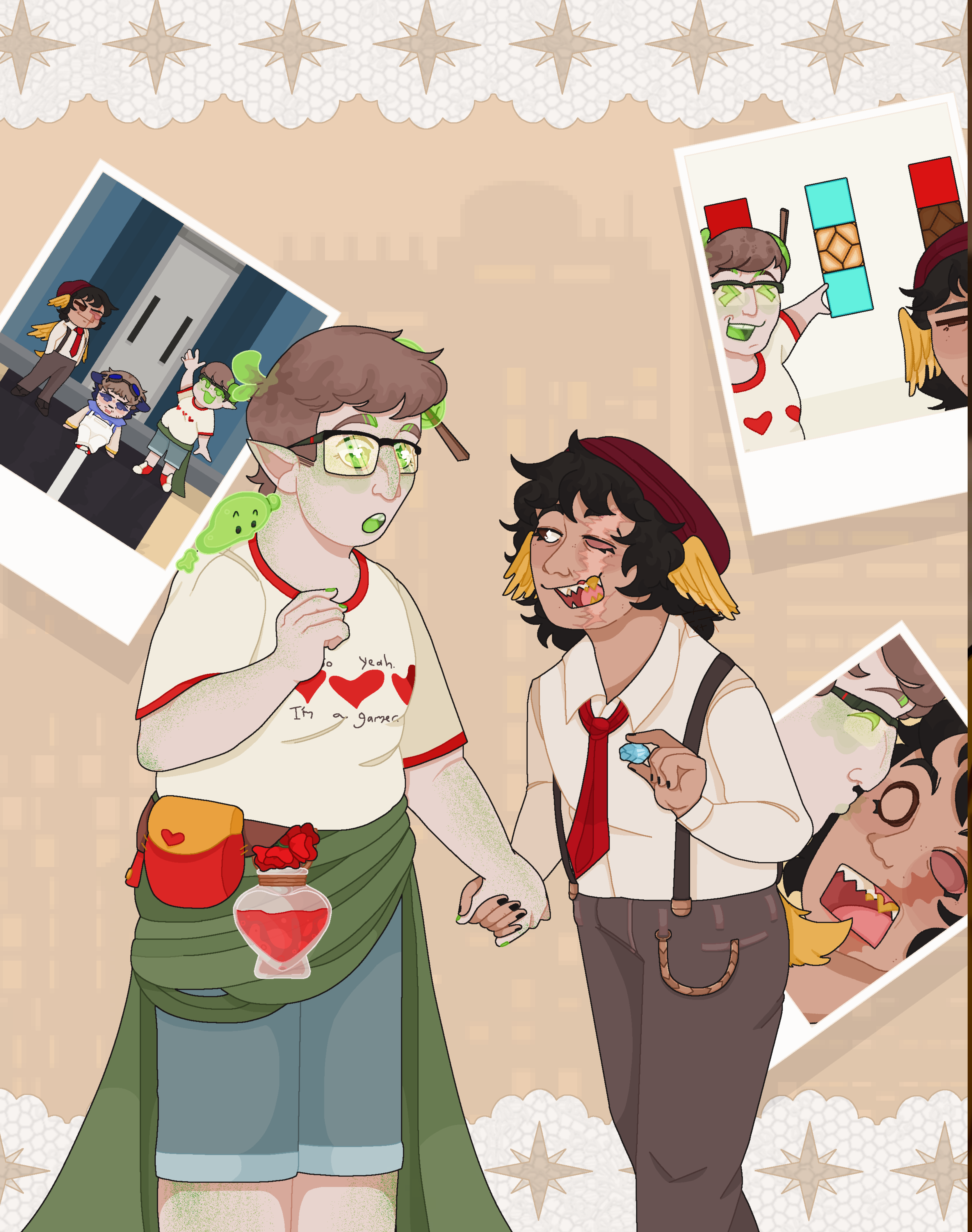
The country is like a beacon, beckoning Quackity nearer, but he hesitates in the coldness dancing around him; Snowflakes trailing his gentle flame. He finds himself searching for the slime in the cold, eyes twinkling at the sight of the raw adoration in the other's smile. The creature's own eyes glued to the beautiful city.

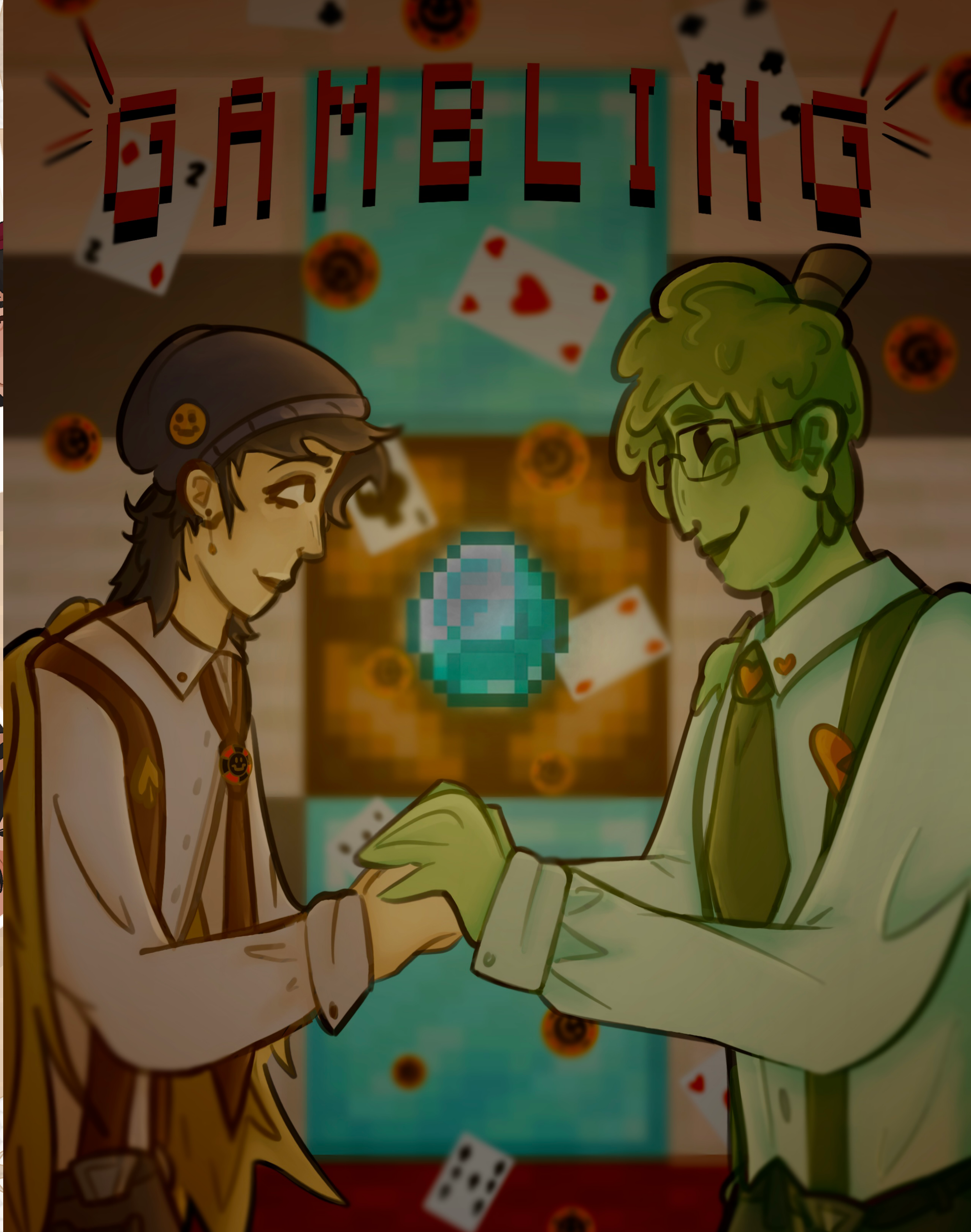
"Alright, then," Quackity breathes; It feels light, it feels new, like he left something behind in that frozen field however many miles back. Like a devastating weight has been lifted from his shoulders without it.

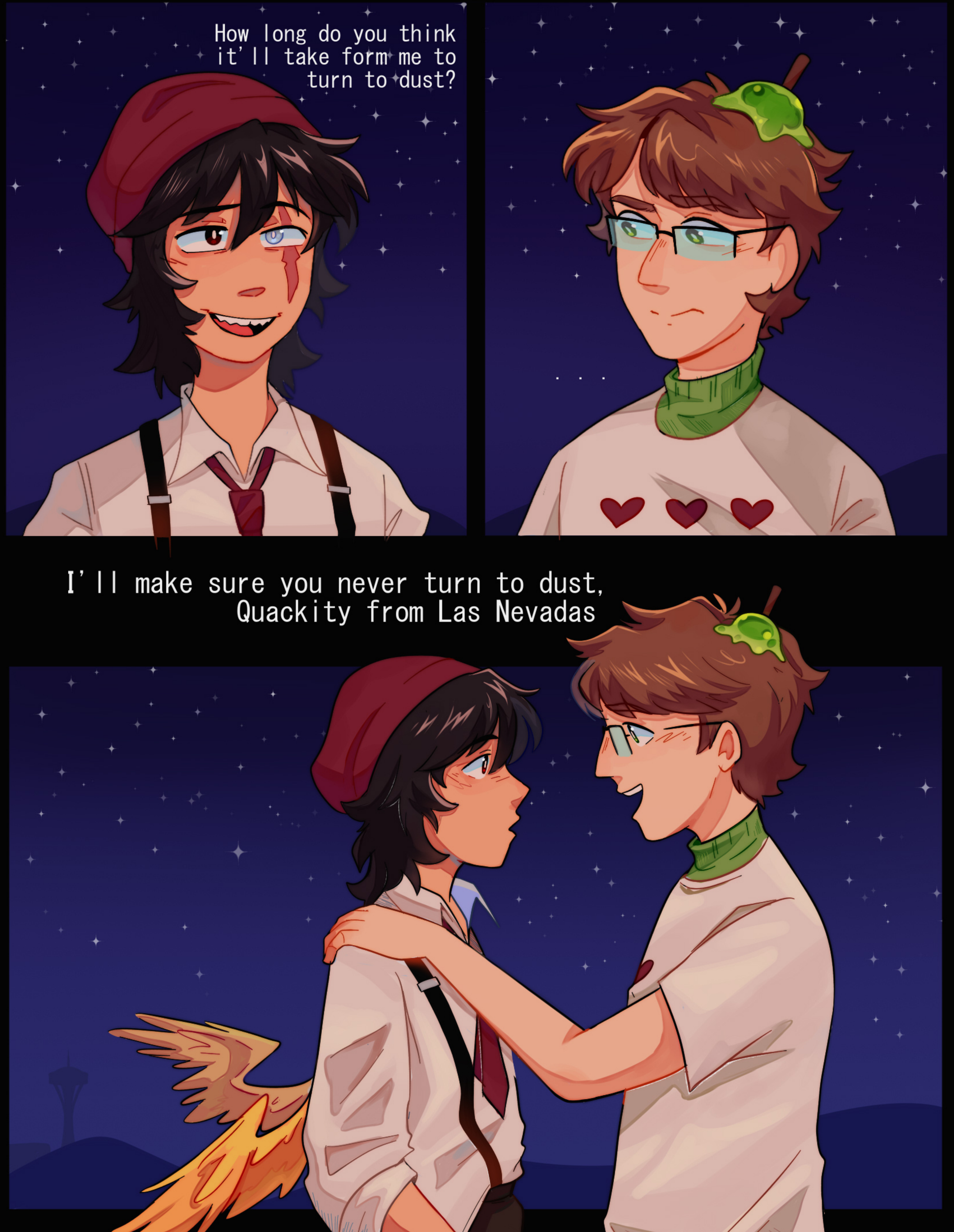
"Welcome to your new life."

CHAPTER 2:

# BEST FRIENDS


o yeah.
I'm a gamer.


GAMBLING


How long do you think it'll take form me to turn to dust?
. . .
I'll make sure you never turn to dust, Quackity from Las Nevadas

## CHAPTER 3:

# TRUST NOBODY

# The House Always Wins

*By: Firefly*

We open in during lesson two, still very early into the teachings that Quackity has decided is imperative for Slime to learn. After all, he was already down a life, what was to stop someone from taking the other two? He has plenty of enemies, after all. Without walls around Las Nevadas, it would be relatively easy if someone were to sneak in just to take him down; not anymore, not if he were to keep Slime around. Teach him. Mentor him. If Slime is here by his side when he passes, Las Nevadas will still be his legacy. Their legacy. Nothing can get in the way of that.

But unfortunately, something Quackity wasn't accounting for, was Slime to have his own morals; Slime was.. Starting to struggle, to say the least, to see the good in this second lesson. Quackity was insisting that Slime should be wanting this power, that he needed to keep himself checked-in with the politics so he would be able to rise in his own position, especially if he's to be taking over Quackity's country someday. But, unlike his predecessor, Slime just wasn't really interested in all of that.

"It's an organization that'll take you to power- Remember, power is what you want here." Quackity told him this with a strained grin, though Slime could see the noticeable bags underneath Quackity's mahogany-tinted eyes; if this is where power got you, Slime wasn't so sure that's what he wanted.

"Quackity from Las Nevadas?"

The duck's expression shifted.

"Do I need to want power?"

This was it. This was the start, the beginning of the downfall for the rest of Quackity's lessons. If he didn't say the right thing now, then it was over; Q needed to convince Slime that these lessons were the key to it all, the key to the rest of their lives, their legacy. Everything needed to be perfect from here on out, and he was going to do all he could to make that happen.

It takes quite a bit to understand Quackity's own morality, with all he's been through. He has his stance on things due to experience, a very painful and exhausting kind of experience that he knew Slime wouldn't be able to grasp very quickly. That's where lesson three came in:

Create No Emotional Attachments To Anything. Everything Gets Destroyed.

If Slime could understand that, then everything would be set in motion. It could all go according to plan if he could just grasp this one lesson first. And so carefully, Quackity began to ease into each lesson with Slime. He knew that Slime was intelligent, he just had to.. Mold him, a little bit- him and all that goop- Into the image that Quackity has for him. Even with Slime's defiance to a couple of points, or his uncertainty, Quackity knew that Slime was destined for greatness. All it took was just a push in the right direction, and Quackity was sure he could take him down the right path no problem.

Thankfully, Slime was very attentive and quite enjoyed asking his own questions about whatever he was intrigued over- He would comment and speak his mind or blurt out his own inquiries as much as he pleased; to Quackity's delight, of course, since this helped him to see more into Slime's mind and how he thought. With more insight, it would make this training much easier for the two of them. For example, while the pair was talking about Las Nevadas and it's future, Slime took a moment and chimed in after Quackity made an alerting comment.

"Quackity.. Does that mean Las Nevadas is gonna get destroyed?"

Slime was immensely uneasy at the idea- The country he was supposed to be taking over once Quackity left this plane, gone? Under his rule? He couldn't bear the thought of it! But, he couldn't let Quackity know that.

"Not that I even care!! Everything's gonna be dust-!"

Though, even with Slime's lackluster attempt to change his feelings, Quackity could see right through the facade. He let out a hearty laugh before reassuring him, "That's exactly what I'm trying to prevent by teaching you all this.. You have to love this country the same way I have."

This.. Made no sense to Slime, especially with the lesson at hand. How is he meant to feel all this about their country, but also not care about it one bit? It was baffling to him, so much so that he had to repeat it in his own words just to make sure he got it right.

"Okay, love and care for Las Nevadas but also create no emotional attachment to it?" Just those words themselves sounded wrong coming out of his mouth. It only sounded a little better once Quackity gave him a reassuring nod.

"You'll get the picture eventually. Just keep listening, alright?"

Slime gave a nod in return, before grabbing Quackity's hand- Everything seemed easier for them when they could ground each other. For Slime, this all felt so much easier for him when he was able to actually physically feel Quackity, whether it be with holding his hand or his sleeve; it helped Slime to feel like he could really understand this better for the both of them. While for Quackity, he felt like he could truly get through to Slime by holding his hand, even if it was a tad difficult with Slime being all goop at the end of the day. As though with his words and the help of their physical touch, those words and teachings can flow into Slime and his mind easier than they ever could.

This time around, for lesson four, Slime was much more excited: Hold your ground against authority. He seemed exceptionally proud of himself, hearing that he would be able to stand up to an authority figure, someone of so much power- granted, he may not have fully understood it at first, he was enthusiastic anyway. After all, Quackity from Las Nevadas could do it, so he could too!

"Like I told you, Slime, this one isn't just a walk in the park for anybody. Standing up to someone with this kind of power is gonna be tough, so that's why you've gotta be tougher, you understand? Slime?“ The duck pulled Slime out of his train of thought, not realizing that he had almost entirely walked off a bridge while being so occupied in his mind. The goop gave Quackity a quick nod after resurfacing from its metaphorical thought pool, ready to hear all the wisdom Quackity has to offer.

"Listen, I'm a good authority, I'm a good person!" Quackity told Slime, who gave an understanding smile in return before speaking up;
"Oh, okay! Pretend to be a bad authority!"
That's when Quackity began to chase Slime down the path, an imaginary sword in hand.
"AAUGHH Slime! I'm gonna take your disc! You're such an idiot, I'm gonna take your discs and I'm gonna use them emotionally against you and I'm going to take and kidnap everything that everyone wants on the server!!"
Slime, containing his laughter, sprinted away from the duck chasing him from behind; he yelled his own opposing words and statements for this silly play of theirs. "It's so personal and evil!" Slime forced out between laughs, but Quackity's subconscious had their play going a much more serious route, even if his present self didn't realize it.
"It is! I'm an evil guy, what can I say? Hopefully I don't end up in prison or I'll get what I FUCKING DESERVE-!"
Quackity had swung at Slime in that moment, and whether or not it was his intent, thankfully the sequence was all just fiction; in truth, the two of them were still standing idle while they acted out their scene. The duck shook his head lightly, as he could feel his heart racing from the eerie realness that came with that event.. Why did he let that happen? He would never let Slime get hurt like that.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry- I-"
Slime quickly cut him off, "I've learned alot today. Thank you for teaching me all this; maybe one day I can teach you something!" The goopy figure gave a large, reassuring smile to cut the tension in the air, hoping to ease Quackity's mind. Thankfully, somehow, Slime knew just what to say. With a deep breath, Q smiled with a certain authenticity that he hadn't experienced in a very, very long time.

"You have, Slime.. You already have."

Unfortunately for Quackity, things were not taking a turn for the better in terms of Slime's morality shifting into one like his feathered mentor. Slime seemed to become confused, dare say scrutinizing, of Quackity's ideas and ideologies that he's been teaching. Lesson Five- Trust Nobody- breezed by, thankfully, as Slime was able to realize how special he actually is to Quackity; "The people I really care about are the people I keep around me. You're the first person I've kept around for this long," he had admitted. Slime had watched this man for years, seen him go in and out of groups, seen him around so many different faces and personalities… But him? Those words hit him deep in his metaphorical mushy heart, stuck with him tougher than any soil or sand he ever buried himself in all these decades.
Though, even with how important those words are to Slime, he had learned so much about Quackity throughout the years- Even more so through these lessons. As a result, when the duo moved onto Lesson Six, Slime knew he needed to speak up. They were at the top of The Needle, with the altitude it was snowing. Even with the crisp, freezing air around them, the two were focused on each other. They stood by the balcony as they discussed, nothing but their words cutting through the snowflakes falling around them.

Quackity went on about revenge, as that was the main aspect that he wanted Slime to take from this; Q wanted Slime to know exactly how to enact revenge if he were to ever seek it in the future. Though, this mound of goop knew that the duck was unintentionally rambling onto the trauma of his past.

"That's why you have to know the objective of your revenge, and then you've gotta plan it out in your head and then you gotta organize a bunch of people to do the plan and-"

"Is it worth it?"
Slime knew he had to interrupt.

Quackity came to a halt. He wasn't expecting Slime to even consider cutting him off. In a haze of confusion, he let those four words sink in.
"..What?"

"I've been watching for a while.." Slime began, slightly hesitant at first; though, he continued, knowing he needed to add in. "One person lashes out, and the other does- Until they're both gone," he took a breath, fiddling with the tie on his matching suspender-button up combo, "From what I've seen, it feels like people don't stop taking that revenge.. Is it ever worth it?"

Unfortunately, Quackity knew this question would come up the longer that he taught Slime. He was learning, growing and forming into his own person with a personality, someone with thoughts and opinions and most importantly, his own doubts. The duck tried to prepare himself for this kind of thing, way back in the first couple of lessons, weeks in the past from where they're both at together now. But no matter how long he anticipated this, how long he prepared and plotted, there was nothing he could do but answer with the truth. After a long pause, Quackity looked up from the snow-covered tiles he was glaring down at; he stared into the man's eyes before him, and shook his head lightly before looking off into the snow that fell on his beloved country below him.

"No. No, it's not."

After all this time, eleven grueling weeks of lessons, this was it; their final week, week twelve, centered around the last- and arguably most important- lesson of all:

Legacy is all you leave behind in this world.

Slime and Quackity had been through these weeks together, both learning from each other as they went through each lesson. They had formed such an irreplaceable bond, it was clear how attached to the other each of them were. "Look at this place," Quackity chirped, turning to Slime behind him as they walked the streets of their country together, “Look at all these places! The only thing you leave behind is what you did in this life. And, for me..” He took a look around at Las Nevadas as he spoke. “I haven’t kept friends- My enemies will eventually move onto something else, but I think, My Legacy...” With a halt, Quackity turned to face Slime as they stood in front of the fountain. An unusually proud smile was plastered on his face this time around, knowing that the work the two of them had done these months had paid off; even if, granted, he was still around to see it. “Is Las Nevadas. And that’s why I care for it so much. Legacy is all you leave behind.”

Quackity trailed off, but Slime made sure that he was the one with the last word.
“Okay.” He nodded, grabbing his mentor and best friend’s hand as his signature soft smile crept onto his face.
“Let’s leave behind a good one.”

Even though the duo left off on a less somber note, there was a plan unfolding in their vicinity that they weren’t expecting. Purpled was atop a hill, observing their conversation and planning their downfall; Quackity had destroyed his home, his precious UFO, and there was no way that he was going to walk away without giving that good-for-nothing duck bastard what was coming to him. With Slime in the mix, though, there was an extra body that the alien hadn’t accounted for. Of course, that was no matter to him. Purpled would just use Slime for his benefit; after all, he was just goop in the shape of a person! That wouldn’t matter much to Quackity, right?

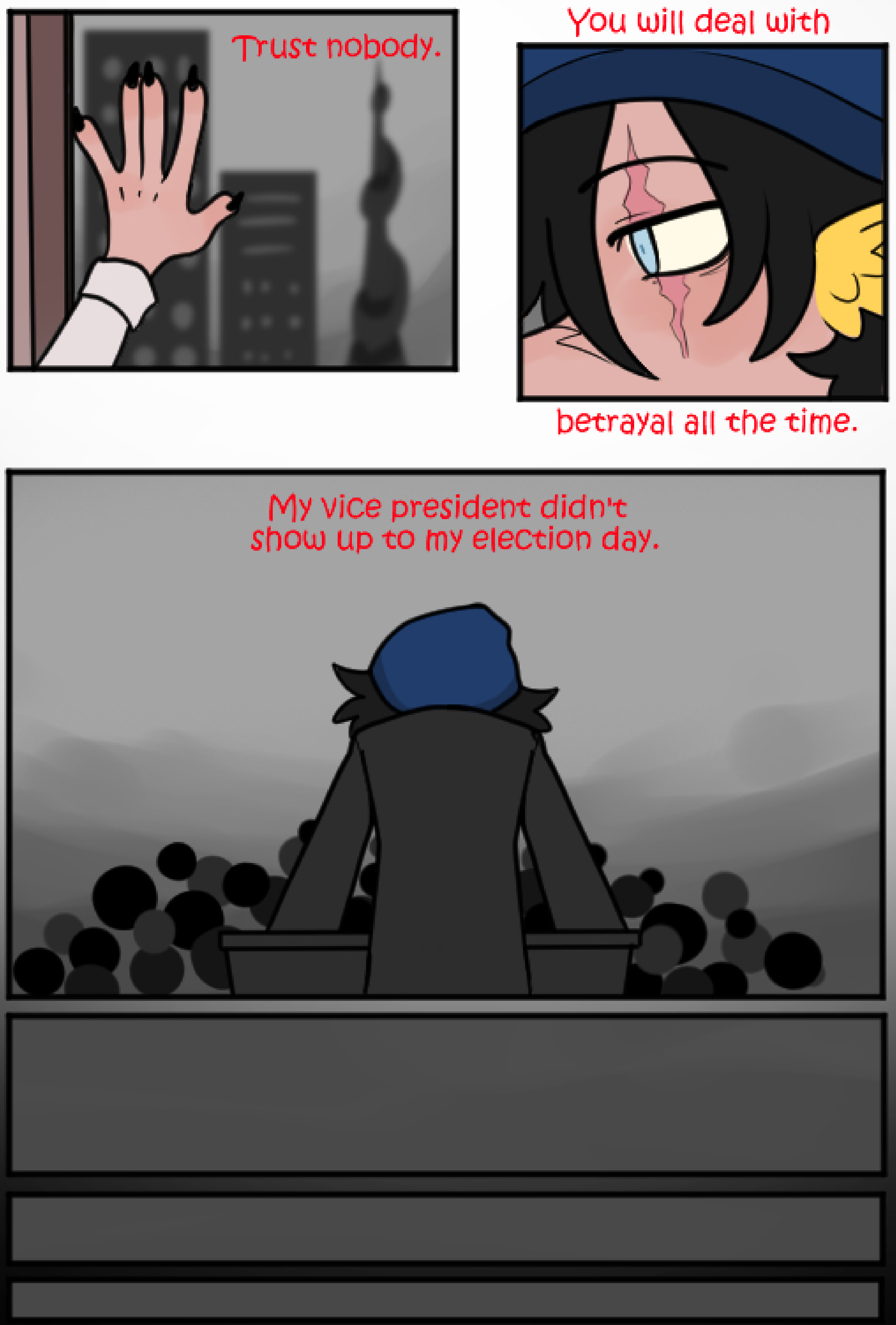
Returning to Quackity, it was too late for him to be awake, but he just had to talk to Slime just once more before the night ended. Descending the ladder into the room, the duck called out, “Hey, Slime-!” which certainly got the goop’s attention, turning to the familiar face he cared for so dearly.

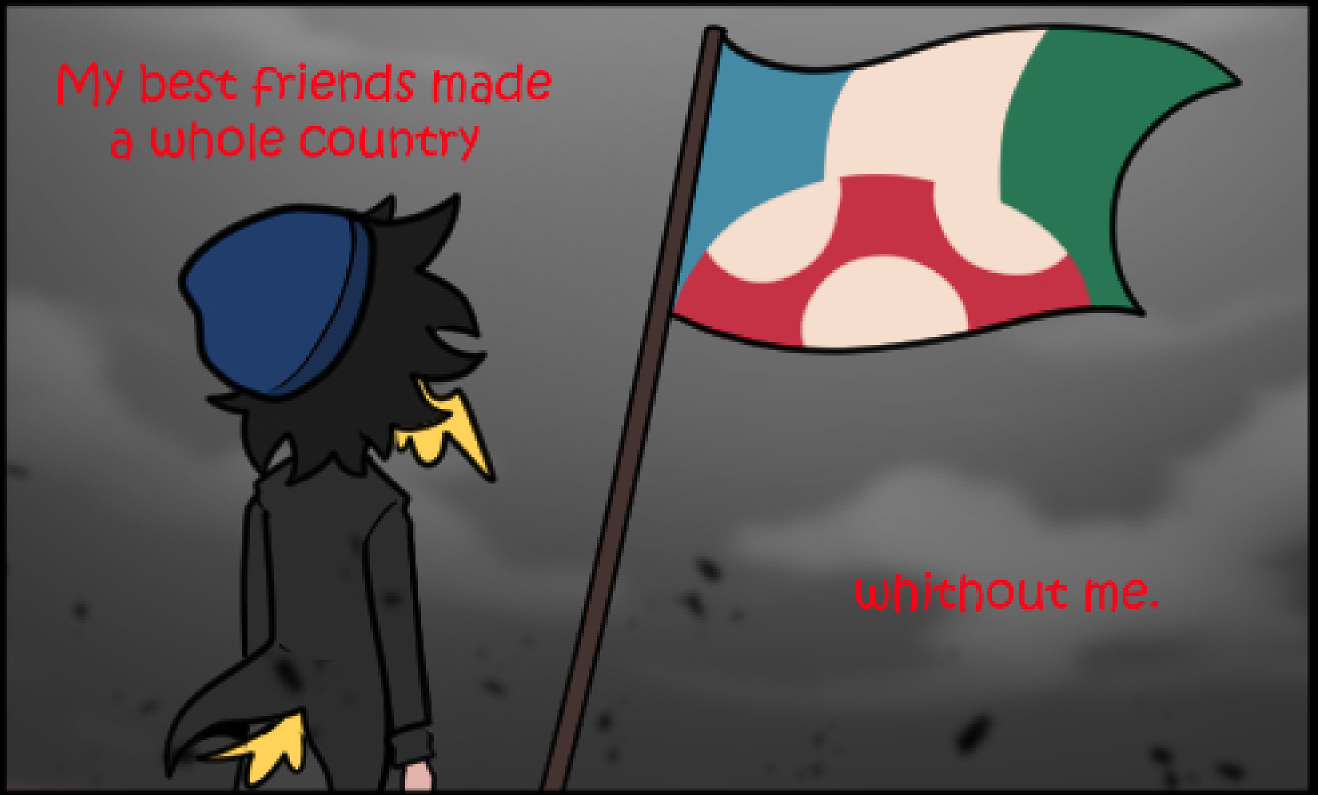
“Hey, I know it’s really late at night, but- I couldn’t sleep because I knew I needed to give you a last piece of advice-” Quackity insisted, his wings perking up as he spoke, an obvious sign of his joy. “I think this is very important to tell you.” With a nod from Slime for approval, Q continued. “You know, from the moment I joined this place, I’ve never really been lucky, I’ve never been fortunate with many things; and when I find an opportunity, I will take it.” Though stern, the duck before Slime still spoke with a softness that he only had with him. “And the way that opportunity presented itself to me, is by making my own luck! Remember one thing, Slime,” Quackity reached into his pocket, pulling out a green poker chip identical to his own before handing it off to Slime.

“The House Always Wins.”

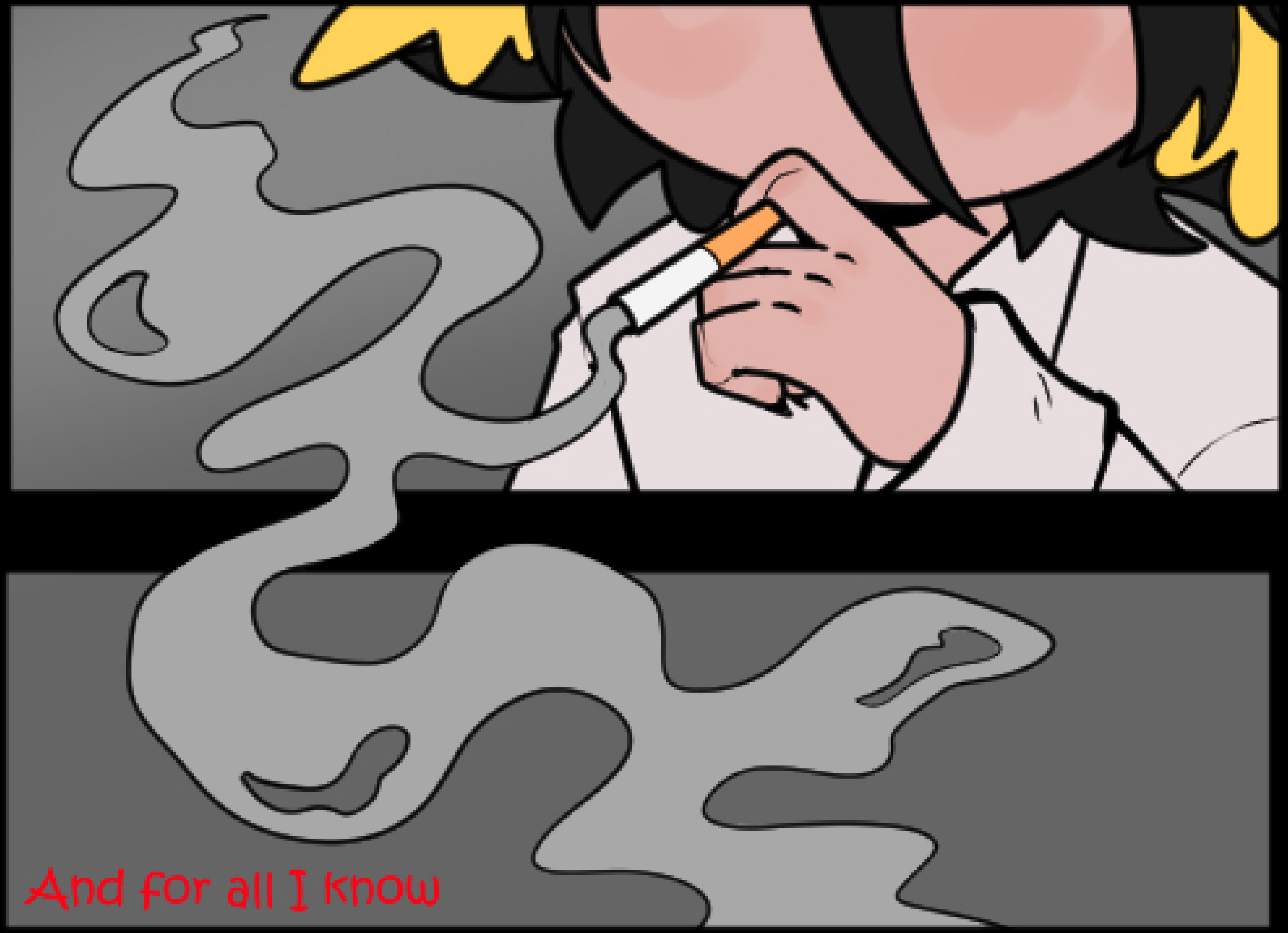
Quackity let out a genuine, hearty laugh. “And guess what? We are the house. So we will always win.”
He grabbed Slime’s hand once more, giving it a light squeeze before turning to the ladder, one hand on a rail. “Have a good night, okay?” And with one last toothy smile, the duck ascended, out of Slime’s sight. The goopy amalgamation couldn’t help but smile at himself as Quackity left, looking at the poker chip left in his hand.

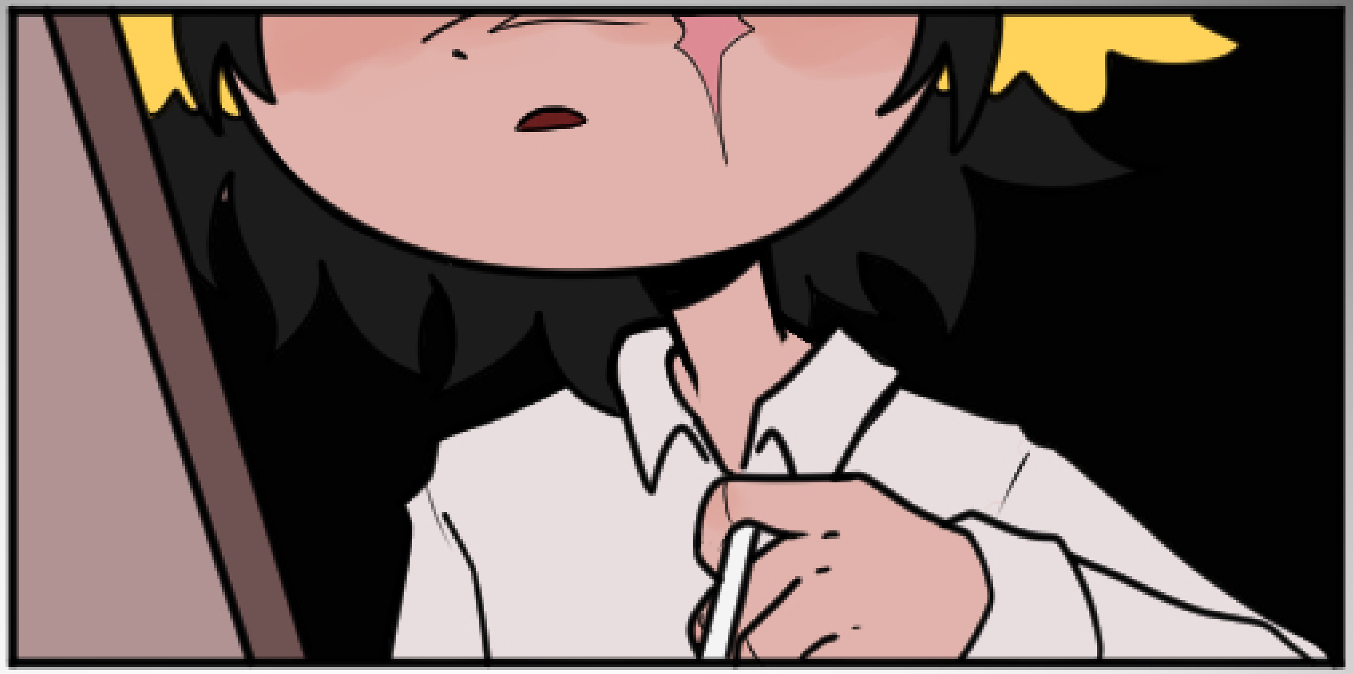
“..The House Always Wins, huh?”


Trust nobody.
You will deal with
betrayal all the time.
My vice president didn't
show up to my election day.


My best friends made a whole country
whithout me.

Everyone I've ever trusted had greately disappointed me.


And for all I know

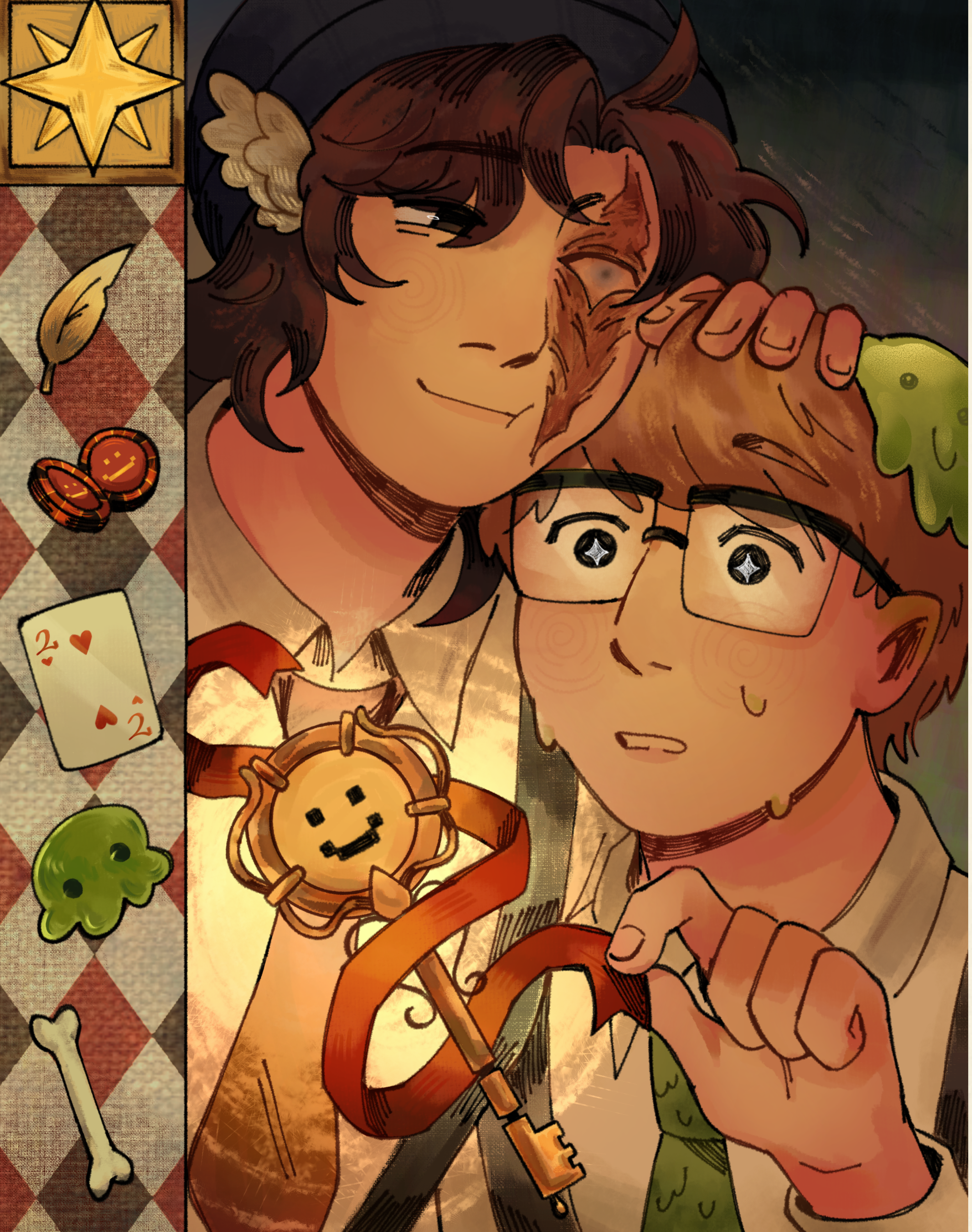


someone could be lying to me right now.

CHAPTER 4:

# DO YOU TRUST ME?

DO YOU
TRUS E?
@HelloWammy 2/3/25



# Unofficial Lesson #11

*By: Captiain Lulu*

Nights were usually busy at Las Nevadas. Being an escape with endless entertainment where you can lose track of time, it was easy to feel trapped in a city that never sleeps. But today it was especially calm, and the temperature was actually rather cold, considering that it was the middle of the summer. The perfect night. The city wasn't officially open to the public yet, since there's a lot of work still pending to be done, so tonight is just Slime and Quackity around.

In the underground tunnels of the city, the planning operations ran smoothly as expected. Quackity made sure to teach Slimecicle every single task to keep the city alive for years to come, and somehow, he made it. Finally, for the first time, veverything with his plans is actually working as he wanted. It was good to have someone to trust and carve into his own idea of success. But trusting is a double edged sword.

Despite how successful the city opening plans have been so far, there was this latent sensation. Deep inside, deeper than the tunnels that connected this whole land, this 'premonition' is filling his mind like a ghost echoing closer and louder near his thoughts, jinxing his machinations. So, if all was going according to plan why is he feeling... like the house is not actually winning?

Quackity sighed deeply, holding a golden key in his hands. Sitting in front of his desk, which was full of notebooks, half-done architecture plans for extending the city and garbage of all sorts, he's looking at the fine engraving finishes. A really well done job, crafted by the best builder in all town with great attention to detail: Foolish. This commissioned job was really just a silly little thing. But Quackity loves a great metaphor. A significance to all the work put into this city, to his first and only pupil for the past few months.

What should the key open, exactly? A door to success? Power? Or maybe oblivion? Q threw the idea away to just think that Slime could mess this up. He is the perfect representation of what the city ideals are. Las Nevadas will thrive as long as Slime does, and Slime will live as long as the city stays alive. It all depends on where the key is inserted into.

The key opens more than one door, then.

He puts the key away, waiting for Slime to come in. Quackity reassured his pupil that the house always wins, and Slime should be proud to be on the right side of history, convinced that he will never lose. Maybe it was a way of reassuring Q himself, that he won't fail for what's about to come.

"Rule #7: Seek successful revenge because if you fail, the consequences will be bitter".

A good reminder of why tomorrow's plan is necessary. Words written on top of the notebook's page.

"Dream, tomorrow is the day you die. And after I finish with you, this place will be safe".

Slime, on the other side of the coin, felt somehow prepared after all the lessons he learned these past couple months. Pressured by the expectations set by his mentor, he wondered if both his and Big Q's efforts would be enough to make this city thrive. Some of the rules were confusing, and although Quackity from Las Nevadas has assured him that he's ready, Slime is afraid of not becoming a successful successor.

Should he bring these concerns to his boss? No, that would be too risky. But maybe he needs more time to prepare… no. He's ready, Q told him. But what if he fails and the city explodes when Slime takes charge?!

"I should talk to Quackity from Las Nevadas about this or else the city will explode!" Slime concluded in his mind. Unsure of what to say, he walked across the hallways, thinking of ten possible ways of ruining this up, hypothetically speaking.

He knocked on the door leading to the war room.

—Hi! Come in, I was expecting you —Quackity said in a warm and nonchalant tone, as if the current times are not stressful at all. He didn't want to give any negative impression to Slime at all. Making his pupil worry would only make things worse.

—Is nice seeing you tonight, Quackity from Las Nevadas —Slime comes in, also trying with all his soul to not sound preoccupied.

—You know, I think this is the first time I will show you this room. Is used to plan and talk privately. But I mostly use it to have some peace and design the city's layout.

—Then, if this is the talking room, can I say something? Because I do have some questions-

—I know it's kind of unexpected to step in like this —Q interrupted him. —But before you tell me all your queries, it's important to tell you my conclusions too. And I'm sure all your questions will be cleared after this.

Slime noticed some opened chests around. A diamond sword freshly sharpened and its corresponding armor next to it. Quackity continued speaking,

—Since I founded this place, I always assumed that this would be a lonely role to play. After all, everyone abandoned me: my friends, my partners… And it felt like I was making enemies more than allies. But then, you showed up. And let me tell you, you changed my plans drastically! But for the best, somehow. Because you brought something I deemed lost at this point: hope. The fact that I'm able to trust somebody to keep building my legacy -our legacy- is a huge burden I can take off my shoulders. Remember that trip I told you I was going to make? I may or may not come back, so that's why I teached you the lessons. To make Las Nevadas prosper and live up for years to come.

Slime suddenly felt like it was wrong to ask if it was too late to turn back now. What if he is never ready to take this role as the king of Las Nevadas?

—Will I ever be ready to take over this place? Because let me tell you, those are big shoes I would have to fill, and I don't even have bones to properly use yours!

Quackity chuckled. His pupil was too literal at times, but he meant good. He will be fine. But he also must face the cold, hard truth.

—Truth is, you're not. Jeez, I don't even know if I will ever be ready to take such a responsibility. But you'll know it in your guts, eventually.

—What if I make mistakes and the city explodes?!

—Then you'll learn. And rebuild. And try again. That's what life's about, isn't it? You will know when you're ready.

Q takes the little black box on the table. An elegant compartment with upholstered velvet contained the precious golden key inside. With the gift on his hands, he faces a fearful and probably doubtful Slime.

—You've seen me telling a bunch of stories about treason, and lessons, and always having the upper hand in all discussions. But I think I've never noticed until now that you actually listened. You care. Not only for my ideals - our ideals - but also for the city and its possibility to prosper. And I think this is the first time that I'm… Having someone who I can trust entirely with my project. That's why I want to show you something special, as a thanks for hearing me like an old disc during all these past months. Come here…

—What do you want to show me, Quackity from Las Nevadas?

He takes the box lid out with delicacy, revealing the golden piece of fine architecture. Slime looked with bright eyes to the rare object, showing ingenuity and genuine curiosity, the same type of look that a kind soul has.

—This key, right here, I wanna give it to you, it's yours —Q takes with great care the key, and lands it in the hands of his successor.

—Really? A key from Las Nevadas? —he takes the time to see the engraved details on it. The key has a round handle, with soft borders and golden reliefs around it, which represented how detailed and refined the work was. A smiley face, representing Quackity's brand, and protected with a soft fabric, probably satin.

—When I pass, I want you to have Las Nevadas, I want the city to be yours.

Slime looks at his mentor's face, proud of how far he has accomplished this role.

—But Quackity from Las Nevadas, you're breaking a lesson. You said 'trust nobody'.

Quackity stops to think for a second. It is true. He taught him well.

—Do you trust me? —Q asks back with the intention of setting his priorities straight. Will Slime choose his business partner as a consequence of his empath and innocent slimy heart, or the city above all, for the sake of legacy and glorious purpose?

Slime decides to not reply. Instead, he chooses to hug Quackity. Thankful for this gift, he wonders what the key is for. Of course it opens the city, but does it open something else?

—I choose to trust in myself. You told me I would know when I'm ready.

Q sighs in relief. 'Good answer', he thinks to himself. He wipes a tear away, trying to make peace with his mind. What is this eerie, weird emotion in his mind? Something he hasn't felt in years, and yet feels familiar and warm. Slime will miss him, for sure. And probably the other way around as well. An intrusive thought crossed his mind for a second.

'The key opens a rare door: trust'.

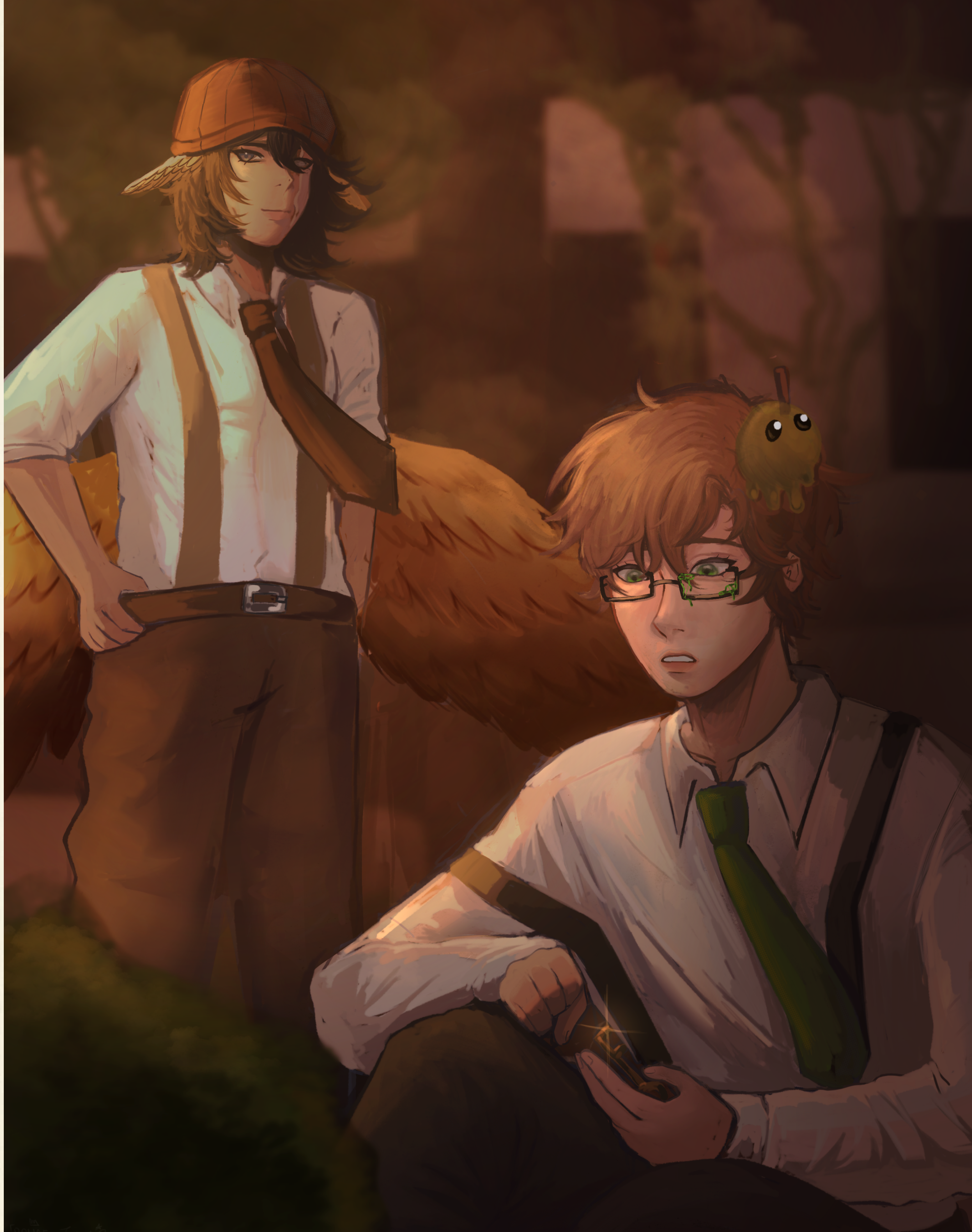
—Thanks for the gift. And wherever you go tomorrow, I want you to have this, to remember your slimy friend! —he happily takes the key, puts a small piece of his own slime on Quackity's hands and leaves the room as if this is normal.

'Never change' Q says in his mind.

He puts the ball of slime in a small container, looking at it as if it was a rare element. In his notebook, still open, he writes something else for his logbook.

'Rule #11 (unofficial): it's okay to trust a little bit, just in case'.

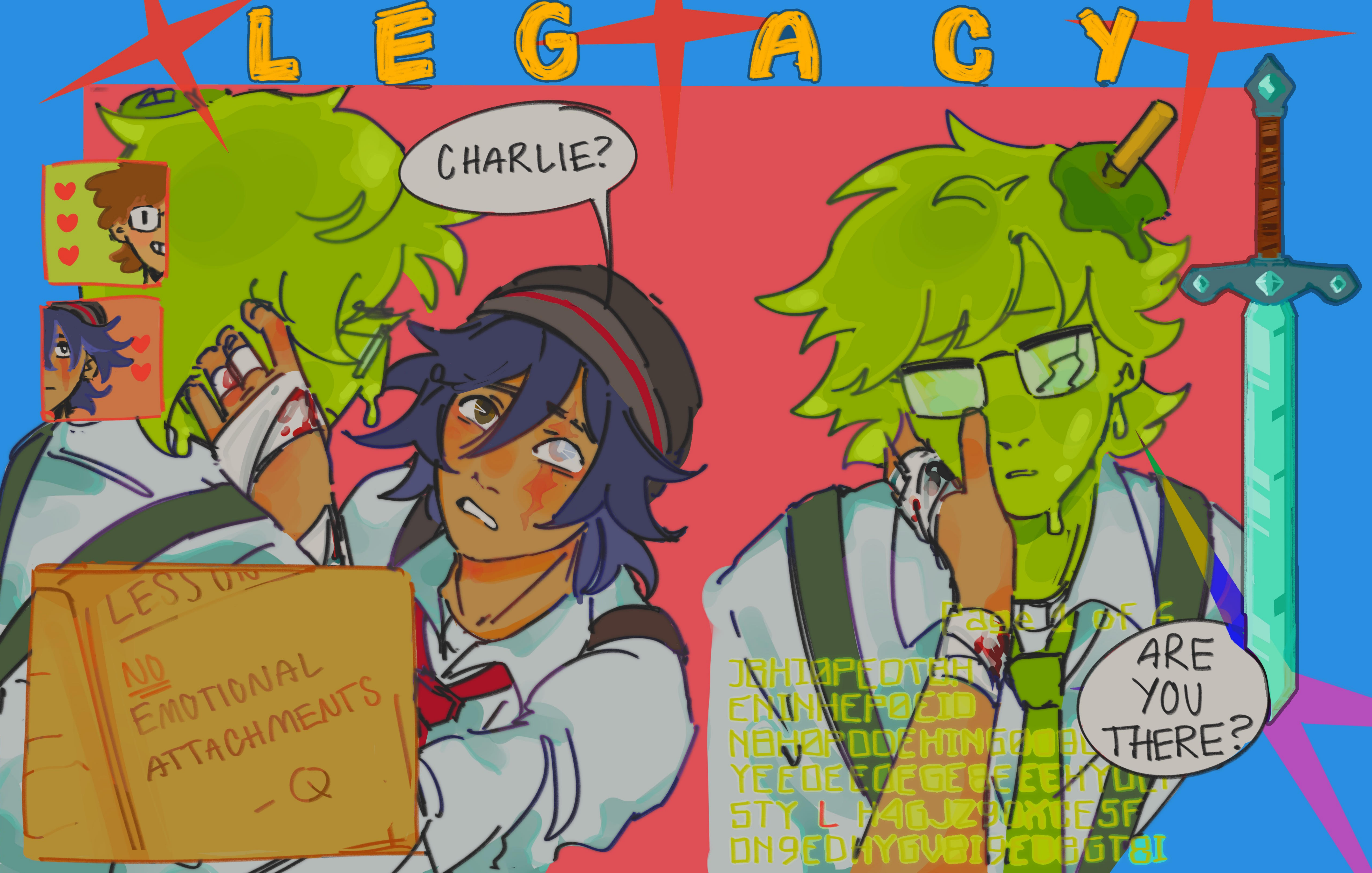
Maybe after all, rules are meant to be broken.



CHAPTER 5:

# LEGACY

LEGACY
Linktoo_


LEGACY
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ARE YOU THERE?

# Do You Get It Yet?

*By: JURI*

Day zero.

His head is buzzing.

His chest plate and shirt sleeves and hands are smeared in him and he's taking his chances that it's all of him, or as much of him that remains.

His throat hurts.

It's raining, and his throat hurts. It's raining and it hurts, and his arms are full of him in all the wrong ways, the worst ways, the ways that haunt his insomniac nights, that make the wind's chill more bearable than cold sheets, that make his throat and eyes sting like they do now.

The raindrops run down what's left of him, bounce and roll down irregular curves and catch in fire-forged caverns or fall through sudden sinkholes, and the unnatural movement makes him run faster. The droplets only roll, never sink—there's nothing below to absorb their moisture.

He can't run fast enough to not notice.

He has to get out of the rain. Out of the rain, and somehow dark, underground, air thick and damp and somewhat warm, floor stone-cold. The storage room. Better than nothing. Better than out in the rain where the raindrops bounce. Better than in his arms and on his chest plate and shirt sleeves and hands—

Better anywhere but here—

(With you. But you're not ready for that conversation yet.)

( L )

Day one.

He wants to run. No, he doesn't. Yes, he does.

He refuses to run. He needs to do something. He wants to do something. This is all he can do.

His knees sting from kneeling for so long. He's lost track of how long—how long he was away, how long he's been here, how long he's smeared his hands with him, willingly this time, gingerly and patiently, back aching from bending over for so long.

He's doing the closest thing to prostrating he'll ever do, he thinks, and for the first and only time, it doesn't feel wrong. Submissive. Humiliating. Something like instinct has him kneeling; little thought, no calculation. Just on his knees, bent over a shape somewhat recognizable.

The alarms still blare in the recesses of his mind, and heat still crawls up his limbs and neck. The sizzle and bubble of all-consuming lava still hisses in his ears, and the fire-orange glow still glimmers deep within his irises. His throat is still raw, his breathing still labored, his eyes still glistening.

He loathes to admit it. So he doesn't. Like he always does.

The light in the room is just enough to know where to sink his fingers into, where to probe and pinch and mold, to cover his hands, himself, in him—to put him together. He molds musculature and fat, limbs soft and firm, hair falling just so, joints and folds and divets and bones through skin. He's cautious, careful, slow. Timid and sure and gentle, tender—was that right? Tender?

Was he ever capable of that?

It's a twisted form of remembrance. Putting him together as his memory dictates. Brilliant memories don't keep the details of the contours of the human body, but he molds and shapes regardless. Has to do something. Responsibility, fixing his mistake, putting him together because if he'd just been smarter, faster, more vigilant—

No. It's not his fault.

Yes it is.

It's not. It's—

It's slow work. Tedious, at times. The only thing marking the passage of time is the oscillating pattern of rainfall. The sun doesn't reach them here. Good. Dark is better. He liked dark places.

Likes. Not liked.

He has to look at himself a few times, just to make sure he's getting it right, molding him right. It's close enough, his results, so he figures it's good enough. It's no better than the original, probably. He didn't have all the details squared out either. He'd appreciate having something like fingernails, probably. Either way, he could touch up the errors.

(The only one you ever allowed to see them. Pity he's become one, too.)

( E )

Day ten.

He almost wanted to verbally thank Foolish. Almost.

Foolish had drawn the plans for the bunker the day he asked for it, though, and within the week, had it built. Maybe he did owe him one "thanks," at least. He could give it later if he needed to.

Now there was a place for him to recover. Somewhere safe, dark and damp just like he liked it, where the sun itself couldn't see him—where no one else would, either. Having a few comforts around could aid the injured, right?

He was just injured, right?

When he had carried him in there, he could have sworn he could see the slightest rise and fall of breathing, even though no sound came from his lips and his nostrils did not flinch nor flare.

He wasn't fully human, anyway, so there was no telling what was and wasn't a good sign. That was fine. He would simply interpret as he saw fit. Better that than…

Alarm bells, shrill and urgent, still rang in his ears, rumbled in his skull, nearly came out as screams. Right.

He had to focus. On something. His work. Responsibility. War preparations. Cleaning the city of vermin. Anything.

He had Foolish place the bunker out in the hills. The demigod thought it dumb for a location he had insisted be kept secret, but as the maxim went, there was no better place to hide things than in plain sight. He knew the power of a good veneer—he worked in them. Besides, no one would have bothered to remember an unusual square of blocks placed in the middle of a barren, sand-covered hill. Nobody but him, anyway.

Funny, what memories resurface under unusual circumstances.

With the bunker built, and him placed safely inside it, he could return to his desk in peace. The paperwork had surely piled up. The alarms were still heard past the surrounding forest for another two days after they'd activated. The alarms were still in his ears now. He had work to do.

He had stood him up against the back wall of the bunker, marveled at how well he stayed upright, as if he were merely standing before him like always, loose and unhindered. He had placed a torch above him, the one spot of light, enough illumination for the only thing that mattered in that bunker. He'd placed chests with empty books, quills, and ink ready to inscribe whatever message he could imagine.

The night after he had placed him in the bunker, he returned.

He flipped through the books, wrote in some himself, made sure the torch didn't go out, stared at his upright form.

He talked. At him. To him. Couldn't seem to shut up, too.

He kept coming back. He couldn't resist. He couldn't do anything at his desk. He couldn't really do anything in the bunker, either, but it still felt like he was doing something. He needed to do something.

He wrote in more books. He kept talking. Anything to make the alarms shut up. Anything to dissipate the heat of lava crawling over his body.

Anything to keep track of the slowly growing rise and fall of his chest.

( G )

Day sixteen.

He stopped by the bunker every two or three days now. He'd taken to the libraries instead.

Slime had only ever mentioned a few stray things about slimes, and it wasn't enough to explain why his recovery was taking so long. Foolish had candidly noted that near-death by lava would be extremely difficult to recover from for anyone, especially a seemingly water-based life-form, so it was likely just a question of time, but he didn't buy it. He couldn't.

He didn't want to. It was driving him crazy.

How many times had he turned, expecting someone to look back at him expectantly, excited to hear his every word? How many times had he drawn breath to speak in an empty room, expecting a ready pair of ears to absorb his every word and a smile to punctuate banal questions? How many times had the stillness of the city unnerved him to his very core, made him desperate to hear a cheery holler or inane question or just his name, that very specific title that made every drop of sweat, blood, and tears he'd ever shed worth every pain he'd acquired to shed it?

He had dragged Foolish into his quest for information, too, just to talk to someone who wasn't doll-still and only softly breathing and nothing else. It was desperate, in a way he loathed to admit.

The desperation was justified. This was for him. For Slime.
He just needed to wake up. He needed him to wake up.

So first things first, information.

They hadn't found much of anything, if at all. Just a few entries in stray encyclopedias and nature catalogues. Nothing unlike what Slime had said before and what they had naturally inferred about his constitution. Dammit.

His visits to the bunker were less frequent, but still just as busy. He organized all the books he'd written, all for Slime, and added a few more he'd written when he couldn't focus on compendiums or paperwork. He talked less, though. What else was there to say anymore? Could he even say half of it?

How many times had "sorry" nearly fallen from his lips, a whisper in a symphony of chatter? How many times had his throat swelled at the mere thought of describing how his days went, how empty his days and rooms and city and he was without him?

How many times had he kneeled before his upright form, silent and staring at that constant, consistent rise and fall, and matched his breath to it, just for an ounce of relief? Just to feel, for a singular moment, like all was right in the world? Just to steady his own breathing, heavy and stuttered and forced?

He was running out of patience, though. Maybe even time, if the world hated him as much as he thought it did. He'd forgotten how much.

Foolish had told him it would just take time. That it was all Slime needed.

Could he hold out that long? Would he?

What a stupid question.

Guess it was his turn to ask ridiculous questions.

(And for once you don't give a ridiculous answer.)

( A )

Day twenty-two.

He had done an uncharacteristic lot of soul-searching recently. He hadn't found much of anything, though. The same emptiness as always, obscured by ambitious, magnificent dreams. Just as he designed.

It was difficult to maintain that pretense in front of Slime, though. As if those eyes would open, and open his heart with them. It'd made him want to stop coming, to let Slime rest in the bunker, let the torch die out and let him gain strength like he had before he emerged from the earth. A return to form.

He probably needed that, too. It'd make him more productive.

Every other responsibility lay forgotten on his desk. He'd left Foolish alone to search for information, suddenly unable to stand being anywhere but in the bunker again.

There was a reason why. He knew the reason.

No, he didn't. Yes, he did.

He started talking to Slime again. Anything and everything. He was getting more honest, too. What had choked him a few days ago was suddenly spilling from his lips, in more obtuse and milky ways, but he was saying it.

Honesty. What the hell was wrong with him? How many times had he lied to Slime before? It hadn't even been that much. Why couldn't he bear to even tell him a joke of one now?

He had already stopped lying about the important things to him, the things that mattered. Guess he'd finally reached the conclusion of that decision.

He started pleading, too. Silent prayers had been enough to preserve his pride before, but now he asked. He got right up to Slime, searched that neutral expression for just a twitch of muscle, fingers just shy of running down his form, ghosting the shapes he had spent all that night reforming into something recognizable, into Slime, his companion, his best friend, his-

His brain never let him conclude that thought. Too dangerous.

He had forgotten he set lines in the sand. Boxed himself in.

Maybe he could step out of them, though. Just for a bit. Just once. Just for him.

He had paved over old pathways with sand and gravel, concrete and asphalt and coats upon coats of gleaming paint. A seemingly open road into a seemingly open space.

Looking at Slime, however… he could swear he could hear cracks rumbling below him. It scared him, honestly. The fact that they were happening, and that a part of him wanted to let it happen. To reveal the old pathways again. Let someone walk down them, just this once.

It'll be fine, a part of him always said. You can always pave the path again. You'll even have help this time.

You poured yourself into this mold. You formed it with your own two hands. An ideal companion. A worthy successor.

Slime had to wake up soon. They had so much to do.

(But is it really such a good thing that he learns to pave over roads like you?)

( C )

Day twenty-seven.

He entered the bunker with the same load as always: a book or two, detailing the past days' events, and that overwhelming need to see him wake up. It was the dead of night, as always, after fitful, overwhelming sleep or restless pausing over paperwork. It had been routine first, but now had evolved past that. Instinct. Like what brought him to his knees the first time, and the second, and all the dozens of times since.

The view was always the same, too: a lone torch hung above that still figure, chest barely moving with the facsimile of breathing. Orange and green intermingled in the light, that rare and bizarre sunset the dozens of scientific encyclopedias wrote could actually happen. This was the closest thing to one he'd ever see, probably. When was the last time he'd even looked at a sunset?

And of course, as soon as his foot stepped off the ladder, he started talking.

"Hey, I'm… I'm back…!

"I'm still doing research about slimes and everything… I haven't found out much but…

"I'm tryna to figure out if there's… anything we can do.

"'Cause it… it's been weeks, and you don't walk, you don't talk…

"I don't even know if you remember me…"

His approach was slow. Hesitant. A weird intermingling of hope and desperation and emotion, raw and uncomfortable and all too familiar. He'd tried to counteract it by sounding more cheerful, upbeat, like himself—like he had always been with him. Didn't do much, though. He always came out of the bunker spent now, barely able to say much of anything if it didn't have to do with Slime.

But he still tried. The effort had to be worth it, somehow. He didn't know how, but he needed to think it did. Maybe the more casual tone would inspire him to wake up sooner. His voice would reach those ears faster, somehow, and then he'd have to wake up, do something, say something to respond.

"Anyways… I brought a couple more chapters of the book though! I'm writing down everything we did and everything I taught you…

“So that maybe one day you will be able to read them and remember everything.”

The books in the chest had slowly been filled up by him over the course of… this. He still kept a few pages blank in each tome, just in case he wanted to add something. Commentary. He always had something to add, no matter how insignificant. Surely the temptation was itching at him now.

“You know… when I write these books, it feels like I’m writing a story, and it feels weird referring you to slime.”

He’d already added something for him. He had wanted it to be a surprise initially, something to look forward to.

He’d wanted to see his reaction to it first.

“You are more than slime… you are human.”

He really wanted to see it.

“So… it’s gonna sound silly, but I came up with a name for you. I came up with… Charlie.”

But nothing happened. Nothing but that ghost of breathing in his chest.

He was getting tired of seeing it.

“Anyways… I’ve been well. I’ve kinda just been stuck in my library. Foolish has been taking care of some things…”

Everything, really. He’d just been up in the Needle all day and night, staring at his fingers and wondering how the piles steadily grew left to right on his desk.

“I hope I can hear you talk again one day and hear you tell some of your silly jokes…

“I really… I really miss that…”

“Anyways, I’ll leave these books in here. In case you ever look inside the chest and…”

The chest was the same as always when he first looked in it, but now, the glaring profile of a lone book off in the opposite corner of all his carefully placed books stunned him. His breaths became as small as his were, probably.

“Wait.

“Wait… there’s one more book than normal here… Is this… is this mine?”

It was the same as all the other ones, only with a few darker stains on its cover. Was it one of the extras he left inside and didn’t fill out? Did he just not notice it when he took out tome after tome and filled them all with his own writing, letters and words and thoughts penned by the wrong hand?

“Did you do this? Was… Is this book yours?!”

It couldn’t be. But it had to. He flipped it open.

Not his letters. Not his words, not his thoughts, not his style, not his anything. Nothing about it was his.

It couldn’t be. But it had to. It couldn’t have—

Why was it when he finally saw what he wanted, he suddenly didn’t want it?

“D-Did you write something? Did you, like, actually write something?”

Ecstasy. Mania, perhaps. Maybe the darkness or the humidity or both did something to his brain.

And maybe he was just…

“But it doesn’t… But it doesn’t say anything; it’s just a bunch of scribbles…?”

Confusion and ecstasy and incredulity and everything, every emotion bubbled up and overflowed, overwhelming, all-consuming, and he didn’t care, didn’t care one bit about it.

This was it. It had to be.

“Are you there?”

It didn’t matter if he wasn’t even moving yet. Surely he’d have the energy for it soon. He did write the book, after all.

Or whatever it was.

“I don’t… I don’t know what this means, none of the research I’ve had talks about…”

He didn’t take his eyes off him as he went out, back down the bunker and up the ladder.

This really was it.

Slime… no, Charlie…

“I’m gonna go back! I’m gonna… I’m gonna go back and-and-and try and…

“Hold on, I’ll take this to my library to see if I can decipher it, okay? I’ll be right… I’ll be right back!”

“So what is it? Have you figured it out?”

“I don’t know, Quackity… all these letters, they’re just… they’re just jumbled up together.”

“Shit.”

He’d already lost track of time long ago, when all this first started. Still, he truly had no clue how long had passed since he’d run out of the bunker screaming for Foolish. The clock said about a full day of daylight. It was probably longer. He’d stopped trusting clocks to make himself feel slightly better about his productivity levels.

Foolish flipped the book up and down, flipped through pages carelessly. He had to hold back his urge to growl at him to treat the book better. He still felt a little sorry about scaring Foolish about it earlier. Another thing to say to Foolish, at some point.

“It’s a little tough to figure out.”

“I’ve been looking at it like, all day…”

So said the clock.

“Well… Wha… W-Wait a second! Wait a second.”

Foolish’s finger was hovering over a page, eyes narrowed in search.

“I’m… I’m seeing something.”

“What?”

“Okay, these… these letters are jumbled up together, but some of the letters stand out in between a smaller big space… Take a look! Take a look, take a look.”

The book went back into his hands.

He looked. Stared. The letters began to jumble, and he was just about to jumble some sense into Foolish when he saw it.

“Oh, wait… Wait, yeah… yeah, I see it! I see… like the first page has, like, an ‘L’ in between two spaces…”

He continued, flipping through each marked page, eyes searching in the sea of letters for a singular flag of meaning.

“L.” “E” for the second page. A “G” sitting like a lone island in an empty line. An “A” so well hidden, an “n” or a “v” almost took its place. A “C” for the fifth page. And on the last written page, a “Y.”

His hands shook as he compiled the letters in his head, trying to arrange them in an understandable order. He resorted to writing them down; his heart and mind were outrunning him, leaving him out of breath. They had probably figured out the answer before he did.

“… Legacy?”

Oh. Oh. He… He hadn’t. He did. He did…!

“Legacy is all you leave behind in this world.”

“Let’s leave behind a good one.”

“Foolish…!”

There were tears in his eyes, probably. He didn’t care one bit again.

“You think that’s it? You think that’s it?!”

At least Foolish seemed just as excited as he was.

(     Y     )

The final day.

“Charlie!”

It took every ounce of him to not burst into laughter.

“Charlie!”

It would take every ounce of him to not take his frail form into his arms, willingly, like he always should have.
“Charlie!”

He practically fell down the ladder, desperate, eager to see that lone torch lit, hung above that doll-still form, glowing that weird mix of orange and green that reminded him of sunsets and honesty and trust, trust in unity, in legacy, in all they could do, would do, together—

“Charlie, I figured out the… book…”

The bunker was dark. The torch had gone out—no, it was gone. There was… there was nothing there.

“Charlie…?”

He had more energy than to just write in a book. He had enough to walk. Walk… away.

“He wrote that and… left…”

He flipped to the last page, the six letters that were his, amidst pages of letters that weren’t. He traced each letter again, as if each pass would further inscribe the letters into the paper itself, leave a mark that couldn’t be erased.

He’d forgotten. He’d forgotten a lot, admittedly, from this whole ordeal. Their goal, their purpose. He’d carried it first, and then he found someone worthy of carrying it with him. They had carried it for a while, together.

And somehow, he was the one to forget first.

The reason this had hurt so much, the grief, the guilt, the hours upon hours of restlessness and desperation—

“Legacy. Leave legacy behind.”

Okay, Slime. Charlie. I get it.

Quackity smiled.

I’ll leave behind a good one. For me. For you.

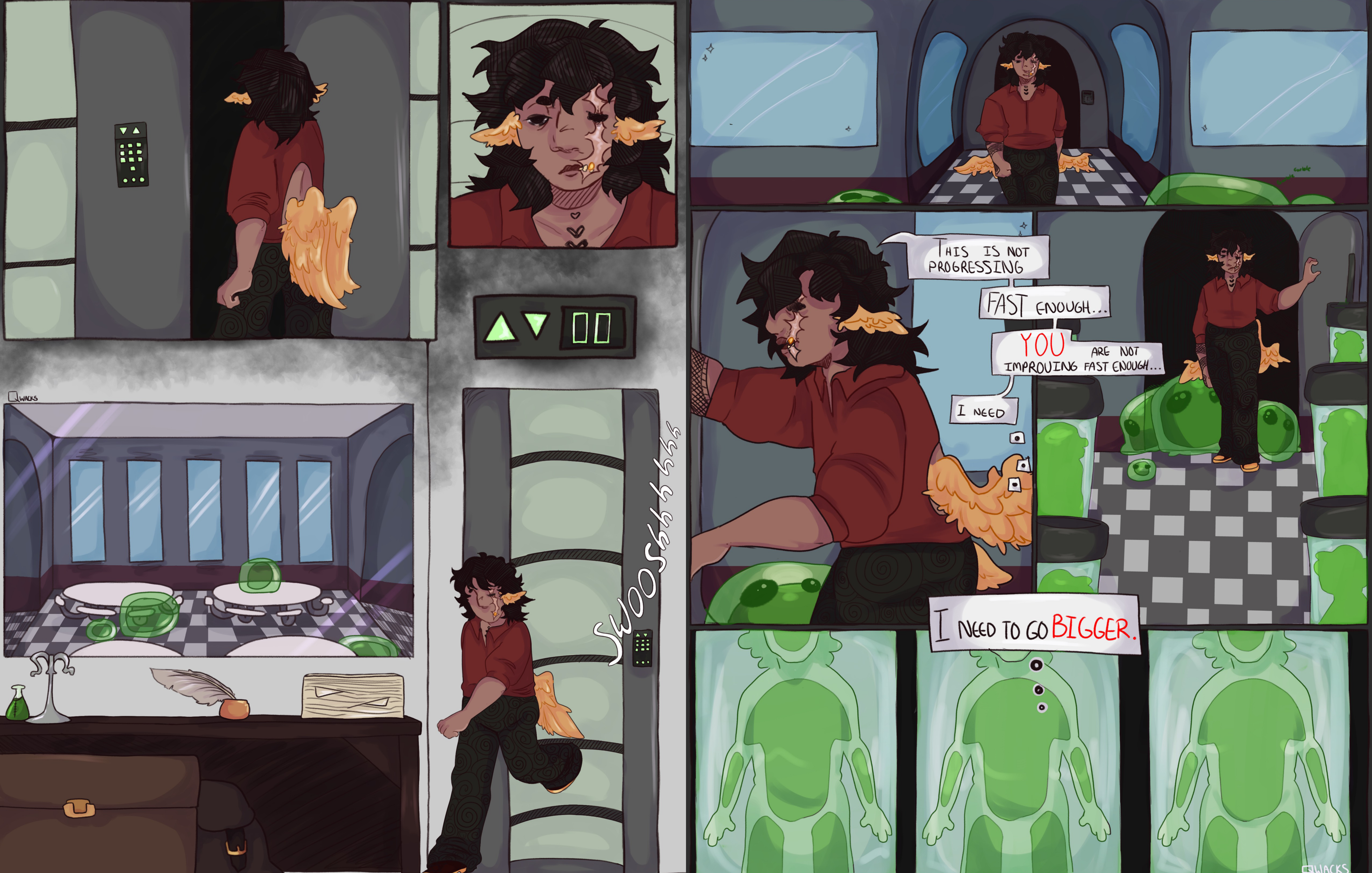
For us.

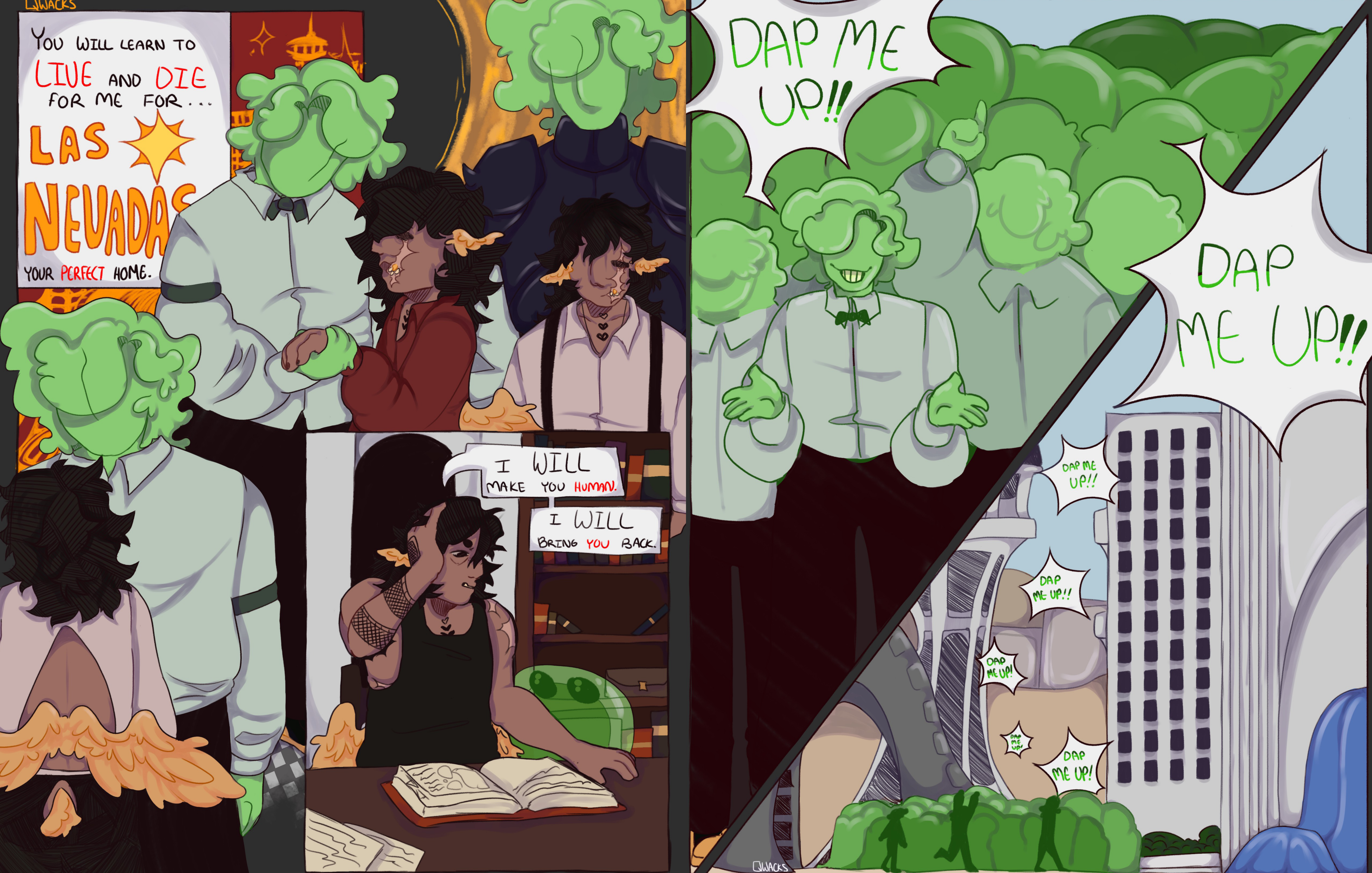
Slime,
Wherever this box may find you,
in life or in possible death,
know that I will fulfill our legacy.

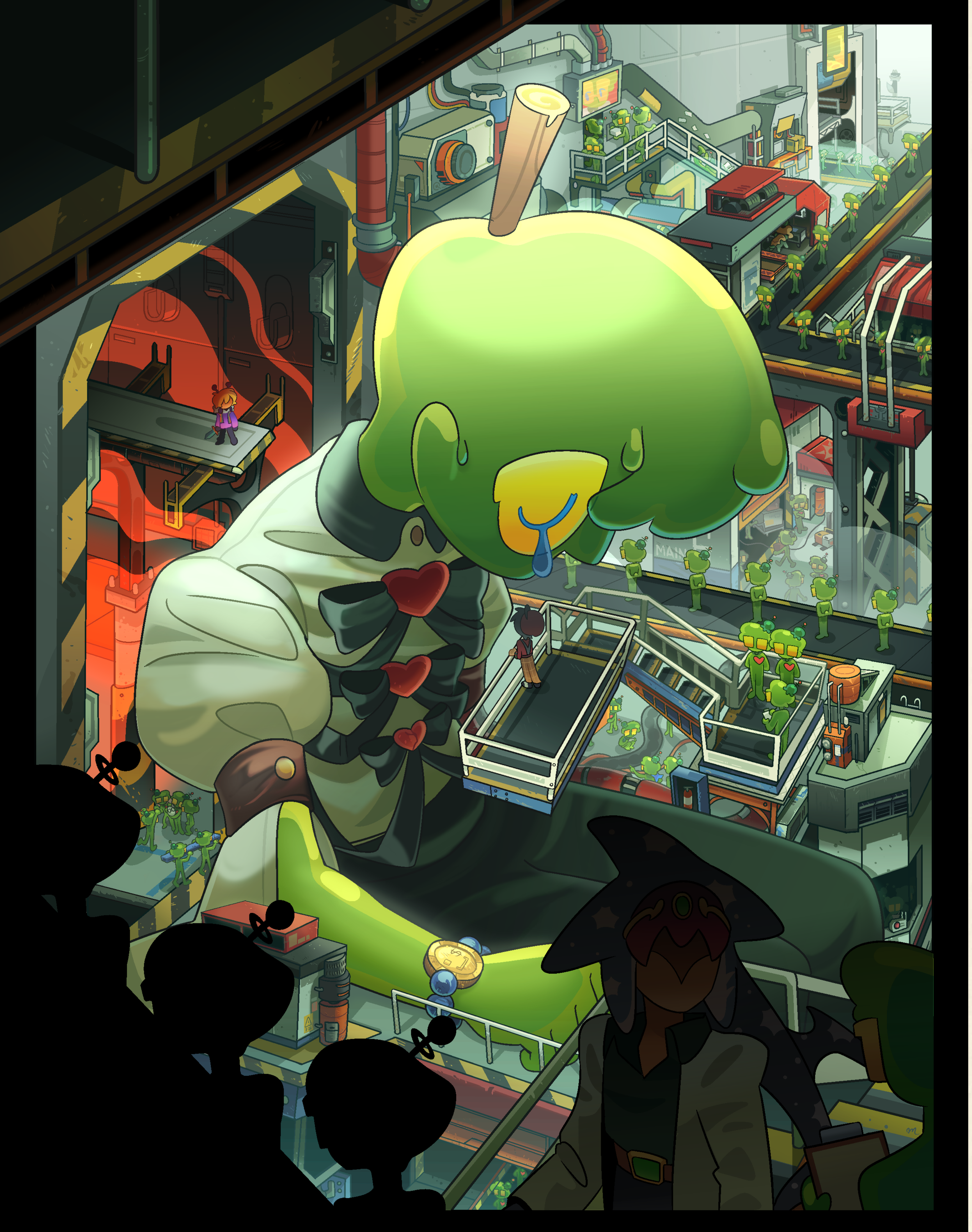
QUACKITY FROM LAS NEVADAS

## CHAPTER 6:

# PEOPLE LIKE HIM


QWACKS
SWOOShhhhhh
THIS IS NOT PROGRESSING
FAST ENOUGH...
YOU ARE NOT IMPROVING FAST ENOUGH...
I NEED
I NEED TO GO BIGGER.
QWACKS


QWACKS
YOU WILL LEARN TO LIVE AND DIE FOR ME FOR...
LAS NEVADAS
YOUR PERFECT HOME.
I WILL MAKE YOU HUMAN.
I WILL BRING YOU BACK.
DAP ME UP!!
DAP ME UP!!
DAP ME UP!!
DAP ME UP!!
DAP ME UP!
DAP ME UP!
DAP ME UP!
QWACKS



# CHAPTER 6

*By: Dorian*

Las Nevadas is a desert no longer deserted. Quackity smiles to himself at the thought—a rare occurrence that has only grown rarer in the recent months. The endless columns of glowing green test tubes, however, give him a bit of hope that it might be something he'll be doing more frequently.

It had been difficult to visit the newly built slime factory at first, especially once their forms had begun to morph into the familiar shape of Charlie. Their static bodies made the place feel like a morgue. Too long spent there and his mind would begin to drift to the cold, empty tunnels beneath the city. To the hours spent there mumbling to an unresponsive Charlie, searching, begging, for the smallest sign of movement. Being there, in the clone room, picked at the scab on his heart, and he would have to excuse himself every time Foolish brought him in to show off the latest updates.

Now though, that shouldn't be a problem. The first batch of slimes are almost complete, and very much alive, squirming and twitching as they sleep inside their growing tanks. All that's left is their training.

Quackity presses the release button on the first slime's pod. The tank hums to life, drain gurgling as the green amniotic fluid rushes out. It wakes the clone inside, his eyes flying open at the sound, darting around the room.

Quackity's face dips. They're just clones—he knows they're just clones—but the shades of green in the iris are exactly like Charlie's. The first time Quackity examined his eyes closely he had been amazed by the swirls and flecks of emerald, pine, and olive. Simultaneously human and otherworldly they had made him wonder if the first person to describe seeing the universe in a pair of eyes had been talking about Charlie's.

Unlike Charlie's though, the clone's eyes are dully glazed over, carrying no shine or spark of recognition. It hurts to see in a different, more uncomfortable way than their sleeping bodies did. Charlie's physical presence is back, but nothing else of him. The clone's design is meant to honor his legacy in the city, ensuring his image is always a visible part of Las Nevadas. Quackity didn't account for the ache that seeing Charlie without him actually being there would bring.

But, he forces himself to push it down and away. He's spent enough time crying, and more of it isn't going to bring the real Charlie back. It's time to move on; he has an entire population to build after all.

It's an efficient system that Foolish has created, far exceeding Quackity's expectations. A rigorous month-long education period for one batch of clones leaves optimal time for the next hundred to grow. With the progress they've already made and Foolishs' constant updating and tweaking of the current cloning system, they're on track for a population boost of at least 5900% by the year's end (which sounds very enticing in cleverly worded advertising that conveniently leaves out their starting numbers).

Yet, to Quackity, Las Nevadas has never felt so empty. As population numbers increase, it also becomes increasingly harder to go out into the city. It's like being simultaneously haunted and taunted. He's surrounded by hundreds of lifeless reflections of Slime, sharing with him only his body and voice. Not even their tone is the same, too stilted and robotic to ever compare to Slime's sweet chipperness. Quackity has begun to worry that if he hears the clones speak too much, he'll forget what his Slime—the one and only Slime in his heart—sounds like. So he avoids the rest of Las Nevadas, choosing to coop himself up in his office while Foolish does all that running around for him.

But today, he has to go out. The completion of each new batch requires his presence—he'll give a speech, lay out the laws of the land, and debrief with Foolish to make sure everything is running smoothly before releasing them into their newly built homes. It takes everything in him to not shirk the responsibility fully onto Foolish, but he's already given so much to Foolish that he's practically earned a position as co-president. As soon as the thought crosses his mind though, it makes him want to go even less; he wishes his actual co-president was still here to lighten the load.

When he arrives at the warehouse, the Slimes are lined up into dozens of neat lines and rows, standing attention. Quackity's eyes glaze over at the sight, and he does his best to keep his vision unfocused for the duration of his speech. He's found that if he doesn't pick out the individual faces, focus on those soft features and instead pretend he's speaking with an unidentifiable green blob, it keeps him from tripping over his words.

He finishes to a perfectly rhythmic applause, and steps off his raised platform, hurrying to the exit. He's stopped though, by a sound from behind him.

“That was a great speech, Quackity from Las Nevadas.”

And oh, his heart jumps in his chest at that voice. His mind plays an awful trick, making Quackity believe it could somehow, impossibly, be him.

It's not though. Of course it's not. Quackity turns around to see another clone, standing in the same position as all the others. He prepares to wave off the clone, but then he glances at it a second too long and something tugs at him upon seeing those large owlish eyes. Maybe it is just a clone, but Charlie was their blueprint. It's not unreasonable, he hopes thinks, to assume that some tiny little piece of him might have carried over.

“Thanks,” he says, then tentatively adds “...buddy.”

The clone cocks his head at the word, so much like the way Charlie would. The simple movement instantly throws Quackity back to that night in the snow.

(“Do you know what a friend is?”)

He can't help what he does next, grabbing Sli- the clone's hand and dragging him through the crowd, out of the warehouse, and down the shopping strip into the diner. Quackity is breathless when they finally stop, but the clone seems unphased, eyes slowly wandering around the room.

“Sorry,” he says, panting “I just figured it would be better to talk one-on-one. Just you and me.”

The clone looks straight at him. Blinks. “Okay Quackity from Las Nevadas.”

Quackity clears his throat, nerves buzzing over how to best go about jogging any latent memories carried over from Charlie.

“So,” he starts, “Does any of this look familiar?”

The clone looks slowly to his left, then his right. “No Quackity from Las Nevadas. I have never been out of the facility.”

His voice has a similar inflection to Charlie's, but lacks a spark of something. In his heightened state, Quackity chooses to focus on the former detail and ignore the latter.

“Right, right, of course.” Quackity says. “That's probably why you were confused about that word I used earlier.”

“Which word, Quackity from Las Nevadas?”

“Buddy! I could tell just from that look,” Quackity says, verging on manic. “So, it's like a special person who you're very close with. Its someone who—”

“I know what buddy means, Quackity from Las Nevadas. A synonym for ‘friend,’ a buddy is someone with whom a person shares a mutual bond of fondness and affection.”

The almost robotic way he speaks dampens Quackity's excitement. “...Oh.”

“I believe you misunderstood my confusion, Quackity from Las Nevadas. I was merely curious as to why you would refer to me using a label typically reserved for casual relationships. It was our first encounter and as my president you have a much higher standing in beautiful Las Nevadas than I do.”

“Well I said it because you came up to me,” Quackity says. His good mood is almost completely gone, beginning to shift to annoyance. “Telling someone you’ve never spoken to that they did a good job seems like a pretty clear invitation to be casual.”

“I apologize, Quackity from Las Nevadas. I didn’t intend to offend you. I wanted to express my praise and admiration for your leadership.”

Hearing that title so much in such a short span of time is eating away at Quackity’s patience. What was charming at first is quickly devolving into a mockery; Charlie never used it like it was some official moniker of respect.

“You know what, just say my name like normal, please.”

The clone looks at him, blanky. Then: “I have been referring to you by name, Quackity from Las Nevadas.”

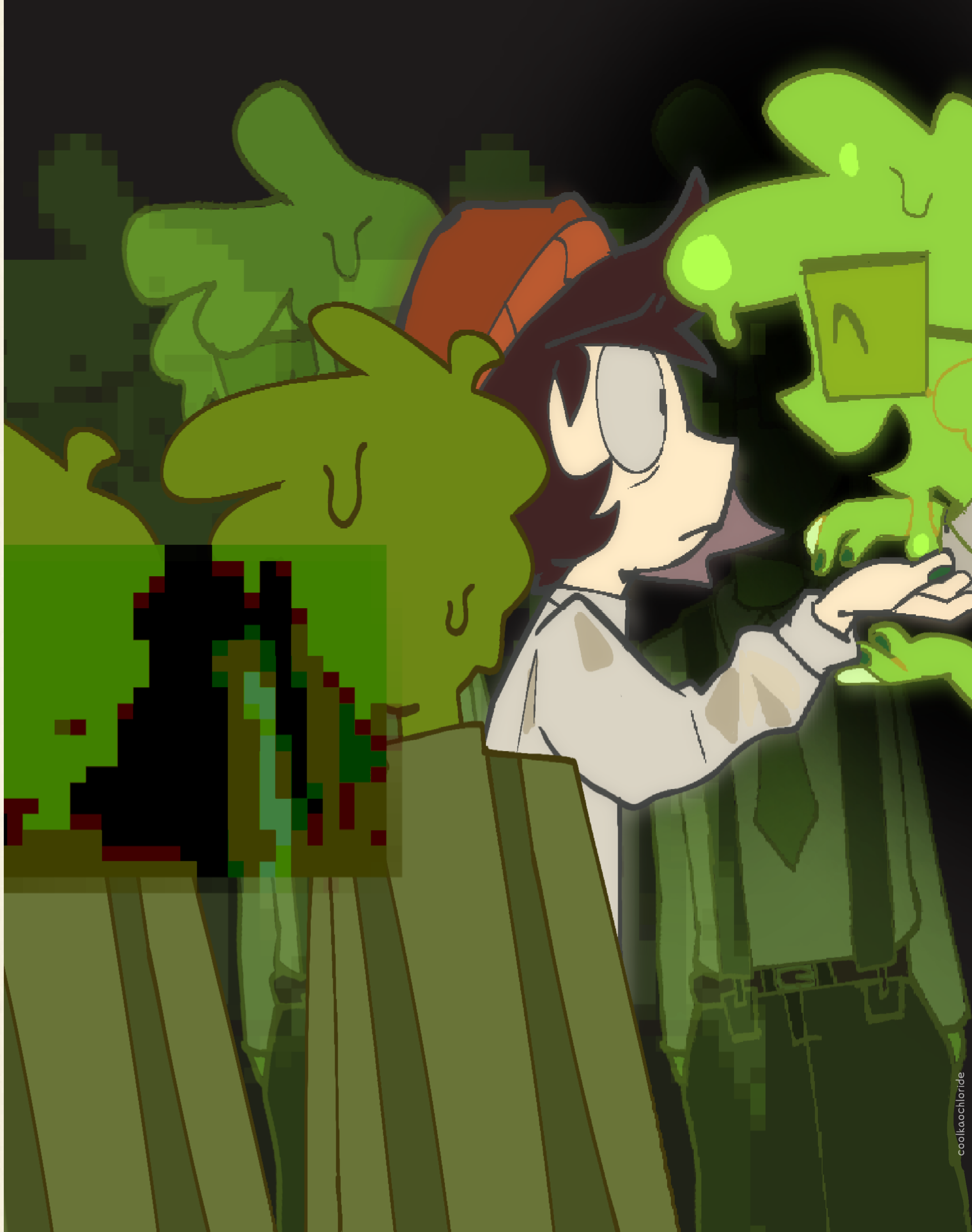
Quackity sighs, mumbling a dismissal to the clone, who starts out of the restaurant in an almost rhythmic march that he hadn’t noticed before. So different from the peppy bounce Charlie carried in his steps.

He glances up to the patched spot in the wall Charlie was hidden in that night they met, the sight of the crackline of plaster causing a crack in his chest. He tries to reconjure their conversation in his mind, but finds it difficult to shake the grating voice of that false look-alike. As he walks out himself, he wonders with horror if having to listen to that same voice every day will cause Charlie’s own to fade from his memory entirely. By the time he reaches the warehouse, he’s created a new plan and wastes no time in approaching Foolish about it.

“I’m gonna need this place expanded and for all the citizen slimes to be collected. ASAP.”

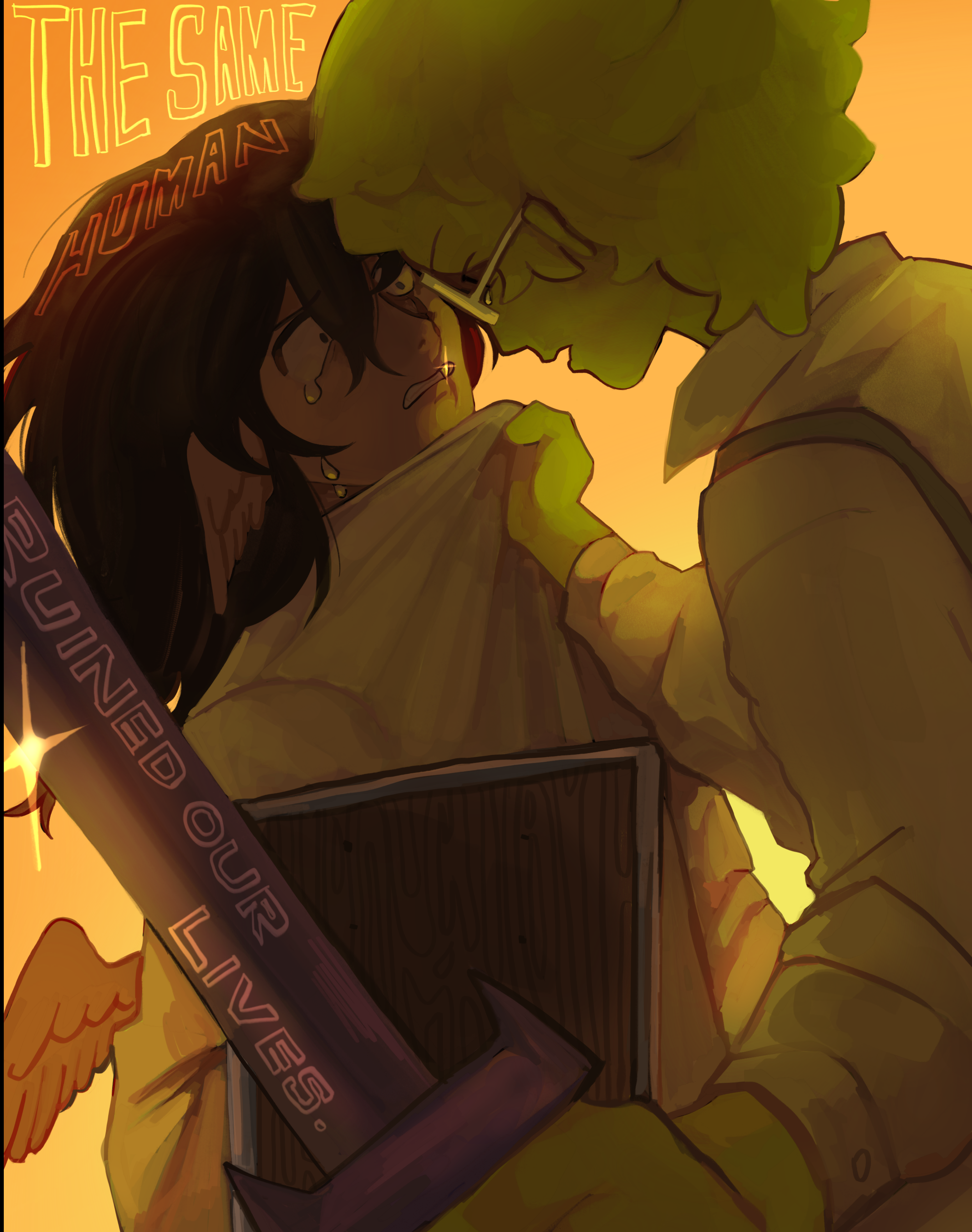
Foolish sputters. “What? Quackity, we’ve been doing great. Why-”

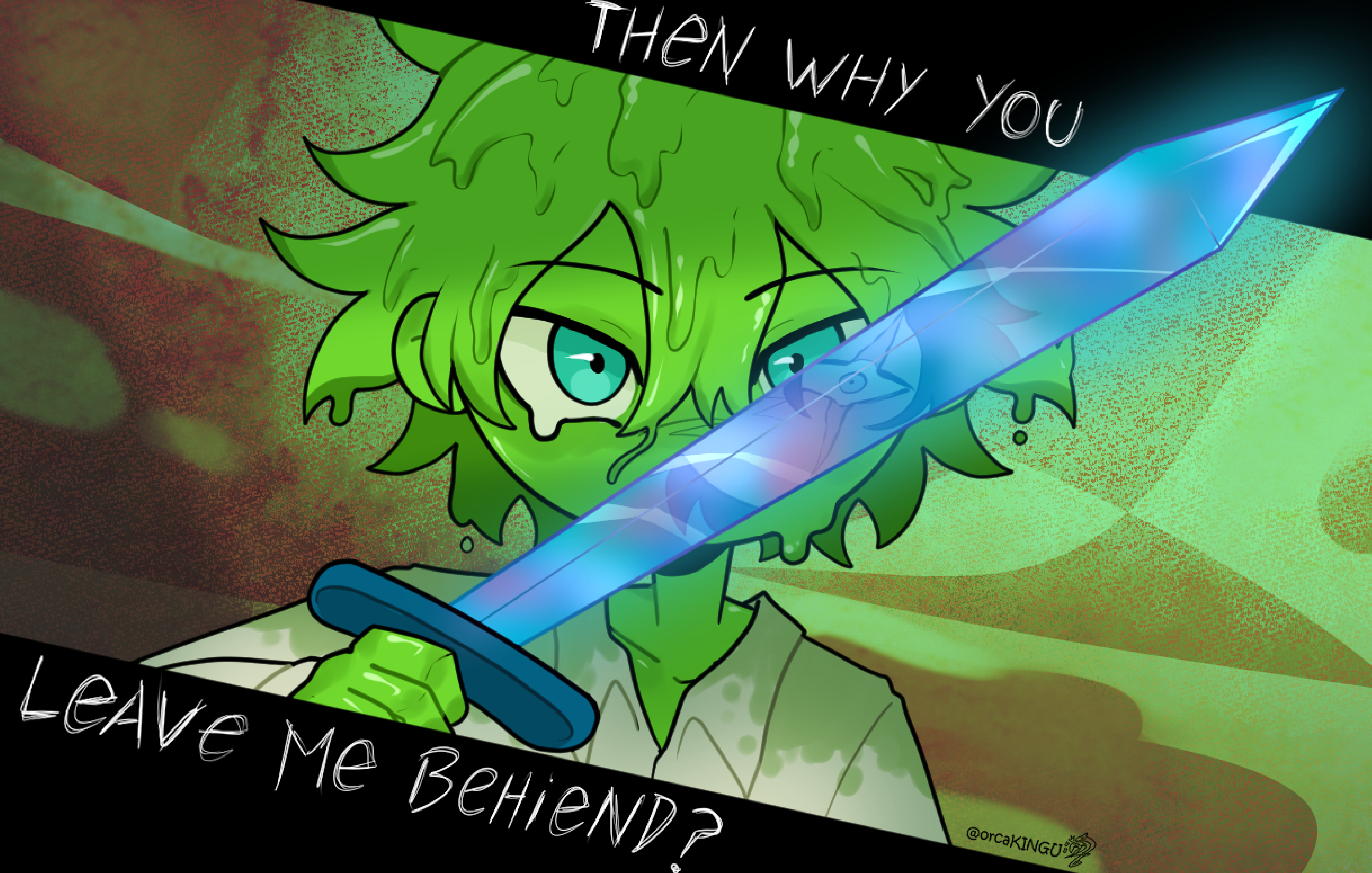
But Quackity snaps, cutting him off. “I’m not hearing any arguments. Just do it. We’re building a standing army.”



CHAPTER 7:

# LEGACY IS ALL YOU LEAVE BEHIND


THE SAME
HUMAN
RUINED OUR LIVES.


THEN WHY YOU
LEAVE ME BEHIEND?
@orcaKINGU

# The Cost of Limerence

*By: Serilly*

The night air is freezing, and an eerie silence hangs almost tauntingly as Quackity stands atop the balcony of the Las Nevadas needle, face to face with someone he holds very dear and who he knows is very upset with him.

He shivers a little, the frigid atmosphere offering little in the way of comfort as his thoughts race is wings into himself, shielding him from the cold like a blanket.

The way Slime looks at him makes his heart physically ache. He wants nothing more than to go in and hug him close and cry that he's okay, he's alive, but he can't – he knows he's fucked up badly and he can't blame Slime for being cross with him. If the roles were reversed, he would be, too.

(His mind continues to wander. He's probably seeking escapism, all things considered. He'd love to close his eyes and wake up anywhere except here.)

His thoughts drift to past memories, fond keepsakes of the mind – little moments that would unknowingly change his life forever.

He remembers late nights spent in Slime's little sleeping chamber, talking about life and whatever comes to mind, feeling for once in his life that he could be honest and someone would listen. He remembers the weird, complicated feelings he never planned on feeling again bubbling up once more, drawing him closer to the slime.

(A feeling that would dig under his skin and make him feel guilty.)

He remembers one night where he just opened himself up and let everything spill out, just to get it out of his mind. He had to, he couldn't keep going on this way.

He remembers Slime gently cupping his cheek and leaning in to kiss him – he hadn't been expecting that, so he froze up for a moment before finally kissing back. (In that moment, that was everything to him. That was his world.)

He remembers crying after that, and Slime just letting him sob into his chest, not saying anything. That was the night Quackity realized he loved him. He felt so safe there – a feeling he hadn't felt in a long time.

So for once, he let himself love again. He let himself be loved again. Things he'd sworn off a long time ago, a feeling he'd always chased and never quite gotten right. (For once in his life, it almost felt attainable.)

In that moment, he didn't see Slime as something malleable, but as someone he loved. It made him feel so happy, and at the same time, so deeply guilty about his own initial perception of him.

Snapping out of his thoughts and back to reality, Quackity wonders if Slime is thinking about that night too, even now as he looks at him with a heartbroken anger burning in his eyes.

(He doesn't have to wonder for very long.)

"I loved you," Slime says, interrupting Quackity's thoughts. His voice is strained with a deep sadness that cuts through Quackity like a knife. "You know I did. I know you loved me too."

Guilt wraps around Quackity's heart and squeezes until he can barely breathe. His head spins and he feels a little sick, even. He doesn't speak – he stays quiet, looking down at his feet – too ashamed to meet Slime's gaze.

(He sighs, and after a moment, he looks up. No, he can't run away anymore – it's not fair.)

"But this," Slime gestures to their surroundings, to Las Nevadas – their legacy, "all of this... This isn't healthy, Quackity. It's destroying you, and that self-destruction hurts me too."

Quackity doesn't know how to respond. He struggles to think of something – anything to say, but the words don't come.

Suddenly, his mind flashes back to Las Nevadas's key, still nestled in that little box that never got delivered to its intended recipient. The country he'd built for the last people he'd thought he'd loved, repurposed for a new love he'd stumbled into by accident – and perhaps taken a bit too fast.

Still, he has to bring it up. He feels like Slime deserves to at least know about it – he can't let this live in his thoughts forever.

"I wanted to propose to you," his voice cracks as he says this, messy emotions boiling over in his mind. "Las Nevadas was supposed to be our legacy."

"I wouldn't have said yes," Slime responds calmly. His voice isn't hostile anymore, but that just makes Quackity feel worse. "Not because I didn't love you – not because I don't still love you – but you needed to work on yourself and you never did."

Quackity doesn't reply. He can't, really – he knows he's correct and there's nothing he can say to argue with him. He never even formally broke off his engagement with Karl and Sapnap, he realizes – another wave of guilt washing over him. It never occurred to him to, since it's been nearly a year since they last spoke.

(He feels awful for dragging Slime into this mess.)

"I don't understand you humans," Slime says after a heartbeat's worth of silence passes. "Everything you do is so messy and complicated and you destroy yourselves for others without realizing it hurts them too. You bottle things up and never just talk them out. It's like it's in your nature to fuck things up."

He sighs, looking down at the balcony's concrete floor – finally breaking the gaze he's held on Quackity this whole time. (Quackity can't tell if that makes him feel better or worse. Maybe it's both.)

"I'm not sure why I ever tried to make myself act human," he continues. "I don't want to, not if it's like that. I've thought about this a lot over the past months. That's why I didn't immediately return to you. I was just… Thinking."

Quackity feels like he could start crying at any moment, but he doesn't want to make Slime feel any worse than he already does. He especially doesn't want to make Slime feel guilty, because the only guilty party here is himself.

"You ruined both of our lives," Slime says – his voice cold again as he steps forward, backing Quackity towards the rooftop's edge. His voice isn't angry, though – just disappointed, but that might honestly hurt worse than anger ever could.

"Slime, hold on, please," Quackity begs, his voice cracking with emotion. He's not even sure what he's asking for – certainly not a chance to argue, since he knows what Slime says is true.

(It hurts him that it's true. He never wanted this, never wanted to become the person he has.)

Quackity can feel the ledge just under his feet as he reaches the very edge of the balcony, and his eyes widen as Slime raises his sword, an unreadable emotion sparking in his eyes.

"Wait!" Quackity yells, reaching for Slime's arm - it's no use, though, and his blade comes down hard, knocking him off his feet. He can feel the ledge disappear under his feet, and suddenly he's falling.

And then everything goes black for Quackity. He's suddenly plunged into dark nothingness, an oddly welcoming void.

He accepts it. It's almost peaceful.

He's scared to open his eyes again and have it leave him alone in reality with nothing but his own thoughts again.

Slime watches him fall in silence. Then, after what feels like an eternity, he crumples to the ground – just sitting down on the roof and hugging his knees to his chest, letting his loud, messy thoughts consume him.

He misses Quackity. Fuck, he misses his Quackity. But he knew if he didn't confront him before he was too far gone, he'd just continue to spiral. And it wasn't healthy for Slime to bottle up his own emotions, either – he had to say something eventually.

(Slime thinks too much. That's one thing you get used to doing over hundreds of years of watching and waiting – just thinking. He's tired of thinking.)

His heart aches in a way it never has before. He has no idea how he'd fix any of this, or if he even can. It's never going to go back to the way it was, but he couldn't just continue to do nothing at all and watch Quackity get worse. It felt cruel in a way that Slime doesn't think he could ever allow himself to be.

Cruelty… Humans are cruel creatures, Slime thinks. And yet, they have a way of making you fall in love with them, intertwining your lives to an unhealthy degree. They do it without even intending to, and they hurt you without realizing they are. They're unintentionally cruel by design.

(It's just sad, really. He really does know that Quackity didn't want to hurt him. And yet, he stumbled into it anyway, simply by human nature.)

Slime still doesn't get it. He's given up on trying to be human a while ago - his time separated from Quackity has taught him that he doesn't have to be something he's not. And honestly, he doesn't want to be. He'd never want to hurt Quackity the way Quackity has hurt him.

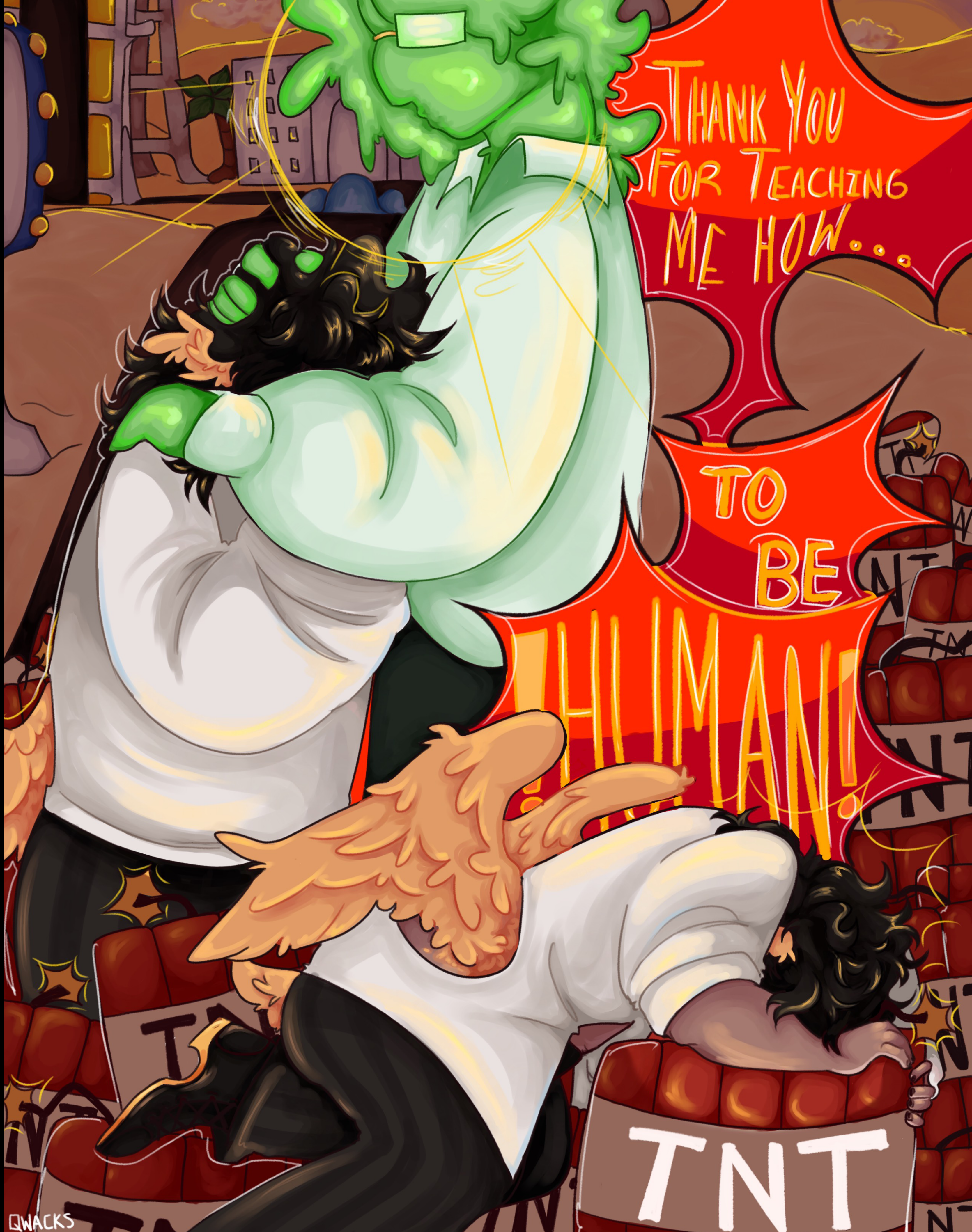
He hopes he hasn't. He's not quite sure.

worth
it?

Tubbo went off with a bang
MARCH
legacy

CHAPTER 8:

# GOODBYE


THANK YOU FOR TEACHING ME HOW...
TO BE HUMAN!
TNT
QWACKS

# FREE SECTION

lahfunny

mush_ee

LEGACY IS ALL
YOU LEAVE
BEHIND

LET'S LEAVE
BEHIND
A GOOD ONE

# CREDITS

## CHAPTER 1:

**Vienn**
𝕏 athenticity
◎ _athenticity

**Charlie**
♪ c.dapduo

**Charlie Sunchews**
𝕏 pinqpng
♪ pinqpng

**Elixpato**
𝕏 Elixpato
t elixxpat90

## CHAPTER 2:

**Connor**
𝕏 AnallyProbed
t Extarterrestrial

**Sunny**
𝕏 SunnyExplodes
♪ SunnyExplodes

**Charlie Sunchews**
𝕏 pinqpng
♪ pinqpng

**Soty Wood**
𝕏 Sotaiewe
◎ sotai_ewe

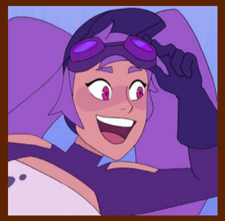
## CHAPTER 3:

**Firefly / Logan ! ♡**
𝕏 sereneshore
◎ spacecore.arima

**orcaKINGU**
𝕏 orcaKINGU
🦋 orcakingu

## CHAPTER 4:

**MelloWammy**
◎ mellowammy
t mw-arts



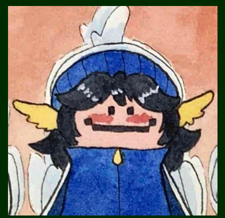
**Captain Lulu**
𝕏 CapzLulu
◎ capzlulu

**Amir**
𝕏 dapcitos
◎ dapcitos

**Marie!**
𝕏 haruichiluvr
t duckyyyluvr

## CHAPTER 5:

**Linktoo**
𝕏 linktoo_craft
t linktoo-doodles



**Wing**
𝕏 quack_nguyen
t wing-nguyen

**JURI**
t flashingsunsetgreen
Flashingsunsetgreen

AYER SELECT

**Will**
𝕏 unspecifiedrat

## CHAPTER 6:

**Milo / Quacks !!**
◎ wackquackss
t nevadasstarss

**Dorian**
t snek-snacc

**Coolka0chloride**
𝕏 ac1dsmoothie1
t coolka0chloride

**alienssstufff**
𝕏 alienssstufff
t alienssstufff

## CHAPTER 7:

**orcaKINGU**
𝕏 orcaKINGU
🦋 orcakingu

**Kae**
𝕏 kyuummie
t kyuummie

**Serilly**
t conarcoin
serilly

**Phil**
t yakshrimpy
t gooptroupe

**Cookiez**
𝕏 cookiejugz
📷 cookiejugz

## CHAPTER 8:

**AdriZicle**
♪ adrizicle
▶ Gabriella Zaro

**Milo / Quacks !!**
📷 wackquackss
t nevadasstarss

**kitty katwept**
𝕏 katwept
t quackiverse

## FREE SECTION:

**Iahfuyu**
𝕏 iahlabean
t lahfuyu

**Mush-ee**
𝕏 Mush_ee
▶ mush-ee

**Hobbes**
𝕏 quacksyak
t quackyak

## MERCH:

**Jay Ridge**
𝕏 jayschlatt_

**MelloWammy**
📷 mellowammy
t mw-arts

---

## MODERATORS

### HOST

**Soty Wood**
𝕏 Sotaiewe
📷 sotai_ewe

### MODERATOR (and mental support ♡)

**kitty katwept**
𝕏 katwept
t quackiverse

# CONTRIBUTORS COMMENTS

* * *

“our legacy”? who are you sharing your legacy with? another man?

*- serilly*

* * *

Me hubiera gustado poder haberle dedicado mas tiempo a mis dibujos, asi que lastimosamente no se ven tan bien como me hubiera gustado. Sin embargo fue un placer ayudar en la creacion de esto!

*- orcaKINGU*

* * *

My fav thing about dapduo is how much their dynamic inspired so much of how Las Nevadas and its arc shaped up. Thank you so much for having me!!

*- Linktoo*

* * *

As a student, balancing this Zine and my workload was a struggle, though I am glad I pushed through, as the ending result of this Zine is worth it! Grateful to work with other talented contributors!

*- Marie!*

* * *

Been here since they were called buffduo and I'm STILL trapped.

*- Phil*

* * *

I had an awesome time participating in this zine! I hope everyone can enjoy the wonderful world of dapduo with us ^_^

*- Kae*

* * *

I was thinking to myself a week before the zine announcement that I wished dapduo would get more love, and was ecstatic to see the announcement. It was fun to participate in the zine with others who love them!

*- lahfuyu*

* * *

Thank you so much everyone who worked together with this project, and those enjoying the final product. It was an honor and I'm so proud of how far we have all come <3

*- Milo / Quacks !!*

* * *

c!Dapduo has been such a huge part of my life for years now, I am more than grateful for being able to take part in such a wonderful zine! I had so much fun working on mine! :)

*- Hobbes*

* * *

dapduoisms YES!!!

*- alienssstufff*

* * *

Es muy lindo no solo trabajar con artistas tan talentosos, si no que también con gente de diferentes nacionalidades e idiomas compartiendo un gusto en especial como es el “Dapduo”, realmente quiero que cuando todos vean el resultado, piensen en esa unión que pudimos lograr al hacer todo esto.

*- Coolka0chloride*

* * *

!!Estoy obsesionado con el quackcicle!! Y muchas gracias por darme la oportunidad de colaborar en este proyecto (≧▽≦)

*- Elixpato*

* * *

Thx for reading my chapter! I love writing SMP stuff again. Chapter 4 is Made in Costa Rica CR! saludos a mi gente latino

*- Captain Lulu*

* * *

The Las Nevadas arc and c!Quackity and c!Slime's relationship took my whole heart when I was watching live in my workplace breakroom in 2021—and still has it, even after all this time. VIVA EL DAPDUO!

*- JURI*

* * *

I had so much fun in this zine , everyone was so sweet and wonderful !! I hope you all enjoy this as much as we did creating it :] !!

*- Firefly / Logan ! ♡*

* * *

One of the first recorded Quackciclers!!! Stream Like Real People do by Hozier for peak Quackcicle experience.

*- Connor*

* * *

This was my second zine ever, and my improvement has skyrocketed since the last. Thank you so much for the opportunity, this was super fun! Congratulations to everyone, the work here is phenomenal <3

*- Vienn*

* * *

there is a suspiciously shaped quackcicle hole in my heart, this was a delight to work on !

*- kitty katwept*

* * *

As someone who got interested in DapDuo and the whole Las Nevadas story much later than others, I couldn't be more grateful for the welcoming community that represents it! Getting to work on even just a small portion of this project was so inspiring to really see the creativity this fandom has :o) Just remember, stay goopy and don't explode!

*- Sunny*

# THANKS FOR READING !!

Hello everyone, I want to express my immense thanks to all the participants who made this project possible, it was an honor to create a Dapduo fanzine with many enthusiasts who love this duo and their ineffable relationship. This duo has become a necessary smile in difficult moments, it is the beginning of great friendships or special bonds between this small but lovely community, it has given us a smile and brought some tears to our eyes, it has contributed in some way to the artistic progress of some and it has become a special part of our lives, so, thanks a lot dapduo, you have given a little bit of everything to all of us!

We are glad to give this collaborative tribute as a gift to our dapduoer/quackcicle community, as well as a way to tell this great story, and more than a story, an incredibly complex, tragic and well-constructed character relationship that deserves more appreciation.

Las nevadas was an amazing project brought from the hands of Quackity along with the collaboration of other creators, he gave us a great work to thank him from the bottom of our hearts for it!

Finally, thank you very much for reading, don't forget to check out the social media of the amazing artists and writers involved in this zine, I'm sure you'll find more cool content than you can imagine. See you in the next time.

slime you later!

---

"Quackity,
Thank you for showing me what is like to be human"

- Slimecicle

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